

THE WEDDING.

As it was lately Acted by her

Majesties Servants,

AT THE

PHENIX in DURY-LANE.

WRITTEN

By JAMES SHIRLEY, Gent.

Horat. — *Multaq; pars mei*
Vitabit Libitina —



LONDON.

Printed for William Lasky, and are to be sold at the Crown in
Fleet-Street, between the two Temple Gates.

1660

**Books printed or sold by William Leak, at the sign of the Crown
in Fleet-Street, between the two Temple-gates.**

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A Bible of a very fair large

Roman Letter. 4.

Orlando Furioso, fol.

Wickinsons Office of Sheriffs. 8.

Parsons Law. 8.

Mirror of Justice. 8.

Topicks in the Laws of England. 8.

Delamans use of the Horizontal
Quadrant.

Wilbys second Set of Musick, 3, 4,
5, and 6 Parts. 4.

Corderius in English. 4.

D. *Fulus* Meteors, with Observa-
tions. 8.

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Mel. Heli. onium, by Alex. Ross. 8.

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mer. 8.

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The History of *Lezanillo de Tormes*.

Hero and *Leander*, by George Chap-
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Gullians Heraldry. fol.

Herberts Travels. fol.

Man become guilty, by John Francis
Senals, and Englished by Henry
Earl of *Monmouth*.

Aula Luck, or the House of Light.

Christs Passion, a Tragedy by the
most learned *Hugo Grotius*.

Callis learned Readings on the Stat.
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The Rights of the People concern-
ing Impositions, stated in a learn-
ed Argument, by a late eminent
Judge of this Nation.

An exact Abridgement of the Re-
cords, in the Tower of London,
from the Reign of K. *Edward* the
second, to K. *Richard* the third,
of all the Parliaments holden in
each Kings Reign, and the several
Acts in every Parliament, by
Sir Rob. Cotton, Kt. and Baronet.
Mathematical Recreations, with
the Horological Dial, by *William*

Engelhard. 2.

The Garden of *Eden*, both parts, or an
accurate description of Flowers and
Fruits, now growing in England,
by Sir *Hugh Plas*, Knight.

Solitary Devotions with man in
glory, by the Arch-Bishop of *Can-
terbury*. 12.

Exercitatio Sibylastica.

Book of *Martyrs*. fol.

Adams on *Peter*. fol.

Willer on *Genesis* and *Exodus* fol.

The several opinions of sundry Anti-
quaries, viz. Mr. *Justice Dodrige*,
Mr. *Ager*, *Francis Tate*, *William*
Cambden, and *Joseph Holland*, tou-
ching the Antiquity, Power, and
Proceeding of the High Court of
Parliament in England.

The Idiot in four books, first and se-
cond, of *Wildome*; third of the
Mind; fourth, of the experience
of the ballance.

The Life and Reign of *Hen.* 8. by
the Lord *Herbert*. fol.

France painted to the life, in four
books, the second Edition.

Shen, de significatione verborum. 4.

The Fort Royal of Holy Scripture,
by *I. H.* the third Edition. 8.

An Appology for the Discipline of
the ancient Church, intended espe-
cially for that of our Mother the
Church of England, in answer to the
Admonitory Letter lately published by
William Nicolson, Arch-deacon of
Breton.

Le Prince d'Amour, or the Prince of
Love, with a Collection of several
ingenious Poems and Songs, by the
wit of the Age.

PLATES,

Philaster,

The Hollander.

The Merchant of Venice.

The strange discovery.

Maids Tragedy.

King and no King.

Othello, the Moor of *Venice*.

The grateful servant.



TO THE

Tr. R.
82.2.49
S558W

Right VVorshipful,

William Gowre, Esquire.




SIR, I know you, and in that your worth, which I honour more than greatness in a Patron: This Comedy coming forth to take the ayre in Summer, desireth to walk under your shadow: The World oweth a perpetual remembrance to your name, for excellency in the Musi^{cal} Art of Poesie, and your singular judgment and affection to it, have encouraged me to this Dedication, in which I cannot transgress beyond your Candor. It hath passed the Stage; and I doubt not but from you it shall receive a kind welcome, since you have been pleased to acknowledge the Author,

Yours,

James Shirley.

A 2
371568

The



The Actors Names.

Sir Iohn Belfare,
Beauford, a passionate lover of
Gratiana,
Marwood, friend to Beauford,
Rawbone, a thin Citizen,
Lodam, a fat Gentleman,
Justice Lanby,
Captain Lanby,
Isaac, Sir Iohns man,
Haver, a young Gentleman, lover
of Mistress Fane,
Camalion, Rawbones man,
Physician, Surgeon,
Keeper, Servants,

Richard Perkins.

Michael Bowyer.
Iohn Sumpner.
William Robins.
William Sherlock.
Anthony Turner.
William Allin.
William Wilbraham.

Iohn Tong.
Iohn Dobson.

Gratiana, Sir Iohns Daughter.
Jane, Justice Lanbys daughter,
Millicent, Cardona's daughter,
Cardona,

Hugh Clarke.
Iohn Page.
Edward Rogers,
Tymothy Read.

The VVedding.

Actus Primi. Scena Prima.

Enter Sir John Belfare, and Isaac his man, servants bringing in Provision.

Belfare.

Bell done, my Masters, ye besfir your selves, I see we shall feast to morrow.

Ser. Your worship shall want no Wood-cocks at the Wedding.

Isa. Thou hast as many as thou canst carry, and thirteen to the last dozen. *Bel.* *Isaac?* *Isa.* Sir.

Bel. Have you been careful to invite those friends you had direction for?

Isa. Yes sir; I have been a continual motion ever since Trise, I have not said my Prayers to day.

Bel. we shall want no guests then.

Isa. I have commanded most on 'em. *Bel.* How sir?

Isa. I ha' bid 'em sir, there's two in my list, will not faile to dine w'ee. *Bel.* Who are they?

Isa. Master *Rambone*, the young Usurer.

Bel. Oh he's reported a good Trencher-man, He has a tall Stomack, he shall be welcome.

Isa. They say, he has made an Obligation to the Devil, if ever he eat a good meal at his own charge, his soul is forfeit.

Bel. How does he live? *Isa.* Upon his money, Sir.

Bel. He does not eat it.

Isa. No, the Devil choak him; it were a golden age if all the Usurers in *London* should ha' no other dyet; he has a thin-gut waits upon him, I think, one of his bastards, begot upon a spider, I hope to live to see 'em both drawn through a ring.

Bel. Who is the other?

Isa. The other may be known too, the barrel of *Heidelberg* was

The Wedding.

was the pattern of his belly, Master Lodam, Sir.

Bel. He's a great manindeed.

Isa. Something given to the wast, for he lives within no reasonable compass; I'm sure. *Bel.* They will be well met.

Isa. But very ill matcht to draw a Coach, yet at provender there will be scarce an Oat between the lean jade, and the fat gelding.

Bel. How lives he?

Isa. Religiously, Sir; for he that feeds well, must by consequence live well; he holds none can be damn'd but lean men, for fat men he sayes must needs be sav'd by the faith of their body.

Enter Mr. Beauford, and Captain Landby.

Bel. Mr. Beauford and Captain Landby. *Isaac* call forth my Daughter.

Beau. Sir *John*, I hope you make no stranger of me :
To morrow I shall change my title for
Your son, soon as the holy rites shall make me
The happy husband to your daughter ; in the mean time
It will become me wait on her.

Bel. I possesse nothing but in trust for thee,
Gratiana makes all thine. *Cap.* I shall presume to follow.

Bel. Your friendship, noble Captain, to Mr. Beauford,
Makes your person most welcome;
Had you no other merit, pray enter, *Exeunt Beau. et Cap.*
Heaven hath already crown'd my gray haire!
I live to see my daughter married
To a noble husband, the envy of our time,
And exact pattern of a Gentleman,
As hopeful as the Spring : I am grown proud
Even in my age.

Exit.

Enter Marwood.

Mar. Dost hear firrah? *Isa.* I firrah.

Mar. Is Master Beauford within? *Isa.* No sir.

Mar. I was inform'd he came hither, is he not here?

Isa. Yes sir.

Mar. I thou sayst he's not within.

Isa. No sir, but 'tis very like he will be to morrow night sir.

Mar. How is this?

Isa. Would you have him within before he is married?

Mar. Witty Groom, prethe invite him forth, say here's a friend.

Isa. Now you talk of inviting, I have two or three guests to
invite

The Wedding

invite you : let me see, *Mar.* Why dost not marry
Isa. And you make much ado, I'll invite you; pray come to the
Wedding to morrow.

Exit.

Enter Sir John Belfare, Beauford, and Captain.

Bel. 'Tis he.

Bean. You were my happy prospect from the window, Choose
you are a most welcome guest.

Bel. Mr. *Marwood*, you have been a great stranger to the City,
or my house, for the course entertainment you receiv'd, hath
been unworthy of your visit.

Mar. 'Twas much above my desert, sir : Captain,

Cap. I congratulate your return.

Bel. *Beauford*, Gentlemen, enter my house,
And perfect your embraces there: I lead the way.

Exit.

Bean. Pray follow. *Mar.* Your pardon.

Cap. We know you have other habir,
You were not wont to affect ceremony.

Bean. How?

Mar. &
Bean. whispers.

Cap. I do not like his present countenance,
It does threaten somewhat ; I wo'd not prophesie.

Bean. Good Captain,
Excuse my absence to our friends within,
I have affaires concerns me with my kinsman,
Which done, we both return to wait on 'em.

Cap. I shall sir. *Bean.* Now proceed.

Mar. We are kinsmen. *Bean.* More, we are friends.

Mar. And shall I doubt to speak to *Beauford* any thing my
love direct me to ? *Bean.* What needs this circumstance?

We were not wont to talke at such a distance.

You appear wild. *Mar.* I have been wild indeed,
In my ungovern'd youth, but ha' reclaim'd it ;
And am so laden with the memory of former errors,
That I desire to be confest.

Bean. Confest ? I am no ghostly father,

Mar. But you must hear, you may absolve me too :

Bean. If thou hast any discouragements, prethe take other time
For their discourse, I am in expectation of Marriage,
I would not interrupt my joyes.

Mar. I must require your present hearing ;
It concerns us both, as near as fate or life.

Bean. Ha ! what is it ?

Mar.

The Wedding.

Mar. We shall have opportunity at your lodging.
The streets are populous, and full of noyse.
So please you walk, I'll wait on you.

Ben. I'm your servant.

Exeunt.

Enter Justice Landby, and Milliscent.

Iust. *Milliscent*, Where's my daughter?

Mil. In complement with Mr. *Rawbone*, who is newly entred, sir.

Iust. O there's a peece of folly!

A thing made up of parchment; and his bonds
Are of more value than his soul and body,
Were any man the purchaser: only wise
In his hereditary trade of usury;
Understands nothing but a Scrivener,
As if he were created for no use
But to grow rich with interest: to his ignorance
He has the gift of being impudent:
What will he grow to, if he live, that is so young a Monster?

Mil. With your favour, sir,
If you hold no better opinion of this Citizen,
It puzzles me why you invite him to your house
And entertainment, he pretending affection to your daughter:
Pardon me, sir, if I seem bold. *Iust.* As some men, *Milliscent*,
Do suffer Spiders in their Chamber, while
They count them profitable vermine.

Mil. But he's most like to scatter poyson; sir,
Your fame is precious; and your family
Not mingling with corrupted streams, hath like
An entire River, still maintained his current
Chast, and delightful.

Iust. Sha't receive my bosome.
I'll sooner match her with an *Ethiops*,
Then give consent she should disgrace our blood;
And herein I but try her strength of judgement
In giving him acceffe; if she have lost
Remembrance of her birth, and generous thoughts
She suck'd from her dead mother, with my care
I'll strive to reinforce her native goodness,
Or quite divorce her from my blood: and *Milliscent*,
I'll use your vigilance. *Mil.* Sir, command, *Iust.* I will,
Not urge how I receiv'd you first a stranger,

Nor

The Wedding.

Nor the condition of your life with me,
Above the nature of a servant, to
Obliege your faith: I have observ'd thee honest.

Mil. You are full of noble thoughts.

Iust. Though I suspect not
The obedience of my daughter, yet her youth
Is apt to err; let me employ your eye
Upon her still, and receive knowledge from you,
How she dispenceth favours; you shall bind
My love the stronger to you.

Mil. Sir, I shall be ambitious to deserve your favour,
With all the duties of a servant: and,
I doubt not, but your Daughter is so full
Of conscience, and care in the conformity
Of her desires to your wil, I shal inrich my sight with observation,
And make my intelligence happy.

Enter Camelson.

Iust. How now; whats he?

Mil. 'Tis Master *Ranbones* Esquire.

Cam. Pray is not my masters worship here?

Iust. Your masters worship!
What's that, his Spaniel?

Cam. No sir, but a thing that does follow him.

Iust. In what likeness?

I hope he does not converse with spirits.

Cam. Hee'll not entertain an Angel
But he will weigh him first; indeed
I am all the spirits that belong to him.

Mil. So I think, but none of his familiar.

Iust. What's thy name? *Cam.* *Camelson.*

Iust. Good; didst ever eat? *Cam.* Yes, once.

Iust. And then thou caught'st a surfeit,
Thou couldst nere endure meat since: wer't ever christned?

Cam. Yes twice; first in my infancy,
And the last time about a year agoe,
When I should have been Prentice to an Anabaptist.

Iust. Does thy Master love thee?

Cam. Yes, sir, and I would eat gold I might have it;
But my stomach would better digest Beef or Mutton,
If there be any such things in nature.

The Wedding.

Mil. Here is his master, sir, and mistress *Iane*.

Enter Rawbone and Iane.

Raw. How now, *Camelion*, hast din'd?

Cam. Yes Sir: I had a delicate fresh ayre to dinner.

Raw. And yet thou look'st as thou hadst eat nothing this fennit; here, provide me a Capon, and half a dozen of Pigeons to supper: and when will your worship come home, and cast my Hospitality?

Iane. When you please, sir. *Raw.* Yet now I think on't, I must feed more sparingly. *Ian.* More liberally in my opinion.

Raw. Would not any body in the world think so? did you ever see two such care-wiggles as my man and I? do we not look a like?

Ian. I think the picture of either o' your faces in a ring, with a *memento mori*, would be as sufficient a mortification, as lying with an Anatomy.

Raw. The reason why we are so lean and consum'd, is nothing but eating too much: *Camelion*, now I think on't, let the Pigeons alone, the Capon will be enough for thee and I.

Cam. The rump will last us a fennit.

Raw. I tell you, for-sooth, I ha brought my self so low, with a great dyet, that I must be temperate, or the Doctor sayes theirs no way but one wo'me.

Cam. That's not the way of all flesh I'm sure.

Raw. It is a shameto say what we eat every day.

Iane I think so.

Cam. By this hand, if it would bear an oath, we have had nothing this two dayes but halfe a Larke; which by a mischance the Cat had kild too, the Cage being open: I will provide my belly another master.

Inst. Now I'll interrupt 'em; Master *Rawbone*.

Raw. I hope your Worship will reprove my boldness, 'Tis out of love to your daughter.

Inst. Sir, I have a business to you; a friend of mine upon some necessity would take up a hundred pounds.

Raw. I'll pawne some ounces to pleasure him.

Inst. It is more friendly said than I expected.

Raw. So he bring me good security, some three, or Four, or five sufficient and able Citizens, for Mortalities sake, I'll lend it him.

Inst.

The Wedding.

Inst. Will you not take an honest mans word?

Raw. Few words to the wife, I will take any mans word to owe me a hundred pound, but not a Lords to pay me fifty.

Inst. Well 'tis a curtesie.

Raw. He shall pay nothing to me but lawful consideration from time to time, beside the charges of th' enfealing, because he is your friend.

Inst. This is extremity, can you require more?

Raw. More! What's eight in the hundred to me? My Scrivener knows, I have taken forty and fifty in the hundred v i j s. and modis of my own kinf-men, when they were in necessity.

Inst. I apprehend the favour.

Enter Isaac.

How now *Isaac*?

Isa. My master commends his love to you sir, and does desire your preface, together with your daughter and Nephew, at the arraignment of my young mistress to morrow. *Inst.* How, knave?

Isa. She is to be married or arraigned i'th morning, and at night to suffer execution and lose her head.

Inst. Return our thanks, and say we'll wait upon the Bride,
Iane.

Exeunt Inst. and Iane.

Isa. Dear master *Rambone*, I do beseech you be at these Sessions. *Raw.* Thou didst invite me before.

Isa. I know it; but our Cook has a great mind, that sentence should likewise passe upon the roast, the boil'd, and the bak'd; and he feares unlesse you be a Commissioner, the meat will hardly be condemn'd to morrow, so that I can never often enough desire your stomach to remember, you will come.

Raw. Dost think I wonnot keep my word?

Isa. Alas, we have nothing but good cheer to entertain you, I beseech you sir howsoever to feast with us, though you go away after dinner. *Raw.* There's my hand. *Isa.* I thank you.

Raw. Is master Justice gone, and mistress *Iane* too? follow me *Camelion*, I'll take my leave when I come agen. *Mil. Isaac.*

Isa. My little wit, thou wo't come with thy master to morrow; I'll reserve a bottle of wine to warm thy sconce.

Mil. I cannot promise.

Isa. If I durst stay three minutes, I would venture a cup with thee i'th buttery; but 'tis a busie time at home.

Farewell *Millicent*.

Exit.

Mil.

The Wedding.

Mil. Marriage? as much joy wait upon the Bride;
As the remembrance of it brings me sorrow;
A woman has undone me, when I die
A Coffin will inclose this misery.

Exit.

Enter Beauford and Marwood.

Beau. You prepare me for some wonder. *Mar.* I do.
And e're I come to the period of my story,
Your understanding will admire.

Beau. Teach my soul the way.

Mar. I am not Cose i'th number of those friends,
Come to congratulate your present marriage. *Beau.* Ha?

Mar. I am no flatterer: the blood you carry
Doth warme my veins, yet could nature be
Forgetful, and remove it self, the love
I owe your merit, doth oblige me to
Relation of a truth, which else would fire
My bosome with concealment; I am come
To divide your soul, ravish all your pleasures,
Poyson the very ayr maintains your breathing;
You must not marry. *Beau.* Must not? though as I
Am mortal, I may be compell'd within
A pair of minutes to turn ashes, yet
My soul, already Bridegroom to her vertue,
Shall laugh at Death that would unmarry us,
And call her mine eternally. *Mar.* Death is
A mockary to that divorce I bring;
Come you must not love her.

Beau. Did I hope thou couldst
Give me a reason, I would ask one. *Mar.* Do not;
I will too soon arive, and make you curse
Your knowledge: couldst exchange thy temper for
An Angels, at the hearing of this reason,
'Twould make you passionate, and turn man again.

Beau. Can there be reason for a sin so great,
As changing my affection from *Gratiana*?
Name it, and teach me how to be a monster,
For I must lose humanity: Oh *Marwood*!
Thou leadst me into a Wilderness, she is —

Mar. False, sinful, a black soul she has.

Beau. Thou hast a hell about thee, and thy language

Speaks

The Wedding.

Speaks thee a Devil, that to blast her innocence
Dost belch these vapors: to say thou lyest,
Were to admit, thou hast but made in this
A humane error, when thy sin hath aim'd
The fall of goodness. *Gratianna* false?
The snow shall turn a *Salamander* first,
And dwell in fire; the ayr retreat, and leave
An emptiness in nature; Angels be
Corrupt; and brib'd by mortals, sell their charity:
Her innocence is such, that wert thou *Marwood*,
For this offence condemn'd to lodge in flames,
It would for ever cure thy burning feaver:
If with thy sorrow thou procure her shed
One tear upon thee, now, thou art lost for ever:
And arm'd thus, though with a thousand furies guarded,
I reach thy heart.

Drawes.

Mar. Stay *Beauford*;
Since you dare be so confident of her chastity,
Hear me conclude; I bring no idle tale
Patch'd up between suspicion and report
Of scandalous tongues, my ears were no assurance
To convince we without my eyes. *Bean*: What horror!
Be more particular. *Mar.* I did prophesie
That it would come to this; for I have had
A tedious struggling with my nature, but
The name of friend ore-ballanc'd the exception,
Forgive me, Ladies, that my love to man
Hath power to make me guilty of such language,
As with it, must betray a womans honour.

Bean. You torture me; be brief.

Mar. Then, though it carry shame to the reporter,
Forgive me Heaven, and witness an unwelcome truth.

Bean. Stay, I am too hasty for the knowledge
Of something thou prepar'dst for my destruction:
May I not think what 'tis, and kill my self?
Or at least by degrees, with apprehending
Some strange thing done, infect my fancy with
Opinion first, and so dispose my self
To death? I cannot: when I think of *Gratianna*
I entertain a heaven: the worst, I'll hear it.

Mar.

The Wedding.

Mar. It will enlarge it self too soon, receive it;
I have enjoy'd her. *Beau.* Whom?

Mar. *Gratiana* sinfully, before your love
Made she and you acquainted.

Beau. Ha? th'ast kept thy word, thou cam'st to poyson all
My comfort.

Mar. Your friendship I ha preferr'd
To my own fame; and but to save you from
A lasting shipwrack, noble *Beauford*, think
It should have rotted here: she that will part
With Virgin honour, ne're should wed the heart.

Beau. Was ever woman good, and *Gratiana*
Vicious? lost to honour? at the instant
When I expect all my Harvest ripe.
The golden Summer tempting me to reap
The well grown ears, comes an impetuous storm
Destroyes an ages hope in a short minute,
And lets me live the copy of mans frailty:
Surely, some one of all the female sex,
Engroft the vertues, and fled hence to heaven,
Left woman-kind dissemblers. *Mar.* Sir, make use
Of reason, 'tis a knowledge should rejoyce you,
Since it does teach you to preserve your self.

Beau. Enjoy'd *Gratiana* sinfully! 'tis a sound
Able to kill with horror; it infects the very ayre, I see it like a mist
Dwell round about; that I could uncreate
My self, or be forgotten, no remembrance
That ever I lov'd woman: I have no
Genius left to instruct me — it grows late: — Within, —
Wait o' my kinsman to his Chamber,
I shall desire your rest, pray give me leave
To think a little. *Mar.* Cousin, I repent
I have been so open breasted, since you make
This severe use on't, and afflict your mind
With womanish sorrow: I have but caution'd you
Against a danger, out of my true friendship:
Prosper me, goodness, as my ends are noble:
Good night, collect your self, and be a man.

Exit,

Beau. And why may not a kinsman be a villain?
Perhaps he loves *Gratiana*; and envying

The Wedding.

My happiness, doth now traduce her chastity :
To find this out, time will allow but narrow
Limits: His last words bad me be a man.
A man ? yes I have my soul ; 't does not become
A manly resolution to be tame thus,
And give up the opinion of his Mistress
For one mans accusation ; — ha ; i'th morning ?
Proper. Yes, *Marwood*, I will be a man :
His sword shall either make past the sense
Of this affliction ; or mine enforce
A truth from him : if thou beest wrong'd, *Gratiana*,
I'll die thy martyr ; but if false, in this
I gain to die, not live a sacrifice.

Exit.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Cardona and Isaac.

Car. TO the Taylors man, run.

Isa. To the Taylors man ; Why not to his Master ?

Car. The Wedding cloaths not brought home yet, fie, fie.

Isa. Who would trust a womans Taylor, take measure so long
before of a Gentlewoman, and not bring home his commodity,
there's no conscience in't: *Car.* The arrant Shoo-maker too.

Isa. Master *Hide*, is not he come yet ? I call'd upon him yesterday, to make hast of my Mistresses shoes, and he told me, he was about the upper-leather, he would be at her heels presently ; I left his foot in the stirrop, I thought he would have rid post after me.

Car. Prethee *Isaac* make hast, how tedious th'art, hast not thou been there yet ?

Isa. Oh yes, and here agen ; d'ee not see me ? you are so light your self.

Car. As thou goest, call upon Cod the Perfumer, tell him he uses us sweetly, has not brought home the gloves yet : — and dost hear ? when th'art at the Peacock, remember to call for the sprig, by the same token I left my fan to be mended : — and dost hear ? when th'art there, 'tis but a little out of the way, run to the Devil, and bid the Vintner make hast with the runlets of Claret, we shall ha no time to burn it.

Isa.

The Wedding.

Isa. You need not if it come from the Devil, me-thinks that Wine should burn it self. *Car.* Run I prethee.

Isa. Taylors, Shoe-makers, Perfumers, Feather-makers, and the Devil and all; what a many occupations does a woman run through, before she is married. *Exit.*

Car. Fye upon't, what a perplexity is about a Wedding? I might have been thus troubled for a child of my own, if good luck had serv'd. *Within.* *Cardona.* *Car.* I come Lady-bride.

Enter Beauford and Marwood.

Mar. Was this your purpose?

Beau. This place of all the Park affords most privacy, Nature hath plac'd the trees to imitate A Roman *Amphitheater.*

Mar. We must be the sword players. *Beau.* Draw; imagin all These trees were Cypress, the companions of Our funeral; for one or both must go To a dark habitation; me thinks We two are like to some unguided men, That having wandred all the day in a Wild unknown path, at night walk down into A hollow grot, a cave which never Star Durst look into, made in contempt of light, By nature; which the Moon did never yet Befriend with any melancholy beam: Oh Cousin! thou hast led me where I never Shall see day more. *Mar.* This is the way to make it A night indeed; but if you recollect Your self, I brought you beams to let you see The horror of that darkness you are going to, By marrying with *Gratiana.* *Beau.* That name Awakes my resolution; consume not Thy breath too idelly, th'ast but a small time For th' use on't; either employ it in the unsaying Thy wrong to *Gratiana*, or thou hastens Thy last minute. *Mar.* I must tell *Beauford* then, He is ungrateful to return so ill My friendship; have I undervalued My shame, in the relation of a truth, To make the man I wo'd preserve, my enemy? Why dost thou tempt thy destiny with so Much sin? dost think I wear a sword I dare

The Wedding.

Not mannage? or that I can be inforc'd
To a revolt? I am no Rebel, *Beauford*:
Again I must confirm *Gratiana's* honour
Stain'd, the treasures of her chastity
Rifled, and lost; 'Twas my unhappiness
To have added that unto my other sins
I'th wildness of my blood, which thou maist punish.

Beau. Thou hast repeated but the same in substance touching
Gratiana. *Mar.* Truth is ever constant,
Remains upon her square, firm, and unshaken.

Beau. If what thou hast affirm'd be true, why should
We fight, be cruel to our selves, indanger our eternity, for the error of one fraile Woman? let our swords expect
A nobler cause. What man hath such assurance
In any Womans faith, that he should run
A desperate hazard of his soul? I know
Women are not born Angels, but created
With passion and temper like to us,
And men are apt to erre and lose themselves,
Caught with the smile of wanton beauty, fettered
Even with their mistresses hair. *Mar.* I like this well. *aside.*

Beau. He has a handsome presence and discourse,
Two subtile charmes to tempt a Womans frailty,
Who must be govern'd by their eye or ear
To love; beside, my kinsman hath been taxt
For being too prompt in wantonness; this confirms it:
Then farewell woman-kind, *Mar.* This does become you.

Beau. Why should we fight? our letting blood won't
Cure her, and make her honour white agen:
We are friends, repent thy sin, and marry her. *Mar.* Whom?

Beau. *Gratiana.* *Mar.* How sir, marry her?

Beau. Why canst thou add to it another crime,
By a refusing to repair the ruins
Of that chaste Temple, thou hadst violated?
Her Virgin tapers are by thee extinct,
No odour of her chastity, which once
Gave a perfume to Heaven, and did refresh
Her innocent soul; they that have spoild virginity,
Do half restore the treasures they took thence,
By sacred marriage. *Mar.* Marriage, with whom?

The Wedding.

Bean. Gratiana. Mar. Should I marry a whore?

Bean. Thou lyest; and with a guilt upon thy soul,
Able to sink thee to damnation, *draws again.*

I'll send thee hence? a whore! what woman
Was ever bad enough to deserve that name?
Salute some native fury, or a wretch
Condemn'd already to hells tortures by it,
Not *Gratiana*; th'ast awakned justice,
And given it eyes to see thy treachery,
The depth of thy malicious heart; that word hath
Dis-inchanted me. Mar. Are you serious?

Bean. How have I sin'd in my credulity
Gainst vertue all this while? what charm bound up
My understanding part, I should admit
A possibility for her to carry
So black a soul; though all her sex beside
Had fallen from their creation? thou hast
Not life enough to forfeit, what an advantage
To fame and goodness had been lost? Mar. Will you fight?

Bean. Wert thou defend'd with circular fire, more
Subtil than the lightening, that I knew would ravish
My heart and marrow from me, yet I should
Neglect the danger, and but singly arm'd,
Fly to revenge thy calumny: a whore! — come on, sir.
Th'art wounded: ha?

Mar. Mortally; *he* *Beanford*, save thy self, I hasten to the dead. *Fight.*

Bean. Oh! stay a while, or thou wilt lose us both:
Thy wound I cannot call back; now there is
No dallying with Heaven, but thou pulst on thee
Double confusion, leave a truth behind thee,
As thou wouldst hope rest to thy parting soul,
Hast thou not wrong'd *Gratiana*?

Mar. Yes, in my lust, but not in my report,
Take my last breath, I sinfully injoy'd her,
Gratiana is a blotted piece of Alabaster:
Farewell! eath some betray thee; heaven forgive
My offence, as I do freely pardon thine.

Bean. I cannot long survive, —
Is there no hope thou maist recover? *Mar.* Oh!

Bean. Farewel for ever then, with thy short breath.

{ One hollows
Within.

May.

The Wedding.

May all thy ills conclude, mine but begin
To muster; life and I shall quickly part,
I feel a sorrow will break *Beauford's* heart.

Enter Keeper and Servant.

Ser. There are Cony-stealers abroad, sir.

Keep. These whorson Rabbet-suckers will ne're leave the ground.

Ser. In my walk last night, I frighted some on 'em:
Pox' a these vermin, would they were all destroy'd.

Keep. Sowe may chance to keep no Deer. *Ser.* Why so?

Keep. An old Cony stops a knaves mouth sometimes,
That else would be gaping for Venison. *Mar.* Oh!

Keep. Whose that? *Ser.* Here's a Gentleman wounded.

Keep. Ha! *Ser.* He has bled much.

Keep. How came you hurt sir? no,
Not speak? If he be not past hope, let us

Carry him to my lodge, my wife is a

Peece of a Surgeon, has been fortnnate

In some cures: tear a peece of my shirt, *Raph*

To bind his wound quickly: — so, so, alas

Poor Gentleman, he may live to be drest, and tell

Who has done this misfortune: gently

Honest *Raph*, he has some breath yet:

Would I had my blood-hound here?

*{ Exeunt carry
him in.*

*Enter Sir John Belfade, Justice Landby, and his
daughter Jane, Isaac waiting*

Bel. Y'are welcome Mr. *Landby*, and mistresse *Jane*.

Where's the young Captain, sir, your nephew?

Just. He went betimes to wait upon the Bridegroom.

Bel. They are inseparable friends, as they had
Divided hearts; they both are glad when either
Meet a good fortune. *Jane.* I'll be bold to see your daughter.

Bel. Do mistress *Jane*, she has
Her maids blush yet, she'll make you amends for this,
And ere't belong, I hope dance at your Wedding.

Exit Jane.

Just. I wish you many joyes, sir, by this marriage:
Your daughter has made discret election.
She'll have a hopefull Gentleman. *Bel.* Master *Landby*,
It would refresh my age to see her fruitful to him:
I should find a blessing for a young
Beauford, and be glad to dandle him: the

The Wedding.

First newes of a boy born by my daughter,
Would set me back seven yeares; O Master Landby;
Old men do never truly doat, untill
Their children bring 'em babies.

Enter Mr. Rawbone, and Haver as his servant.

Isa. Master Rawbone, I'll be bold to present you
With a peice of Rose-mary, we ha' such cheer. *Raw.* Honest *Isaac*;

Isa. Pray do you belong to Mr. Rawbone? *Hav.* Yes sir.

Isa. You have eat someting in your dayes.

Hav. Why prethee? *Isa.* Nothing, nothing;
D'ee understand nothing? you shall eat nothing,
Unlesse some Benefactors like my master,
In pittie of your bellies, once a year
Do warm it with a dinner, you must never
Hope to see rost or sooth he has within
This twelve-month, to my knowledge;
Made seven men immortall. *Hav.* How!

Isa. Yes, he has made spirits on 'em,
And they haunt such mens houses as my masters,
Sprit's ath'buttery; let me counsel ye
To cram your corps to day, for by his Almanack
There's a long Lent a coming. *Bel.* Never see me
But when you are invited. *Raw.* 'Las I had
Rather eat a peece of cold Capon at home,
Then be troublesome abroad; I hope for sooth.
Mistresse Jane is as she shud be. *Isst.* She is in health.

Bel. Y'ave a fresh servant master Rawbone,
A proper fellow, and maintains himself hansomely.

Raw. And he wo'd not ha maintain'd
Himself, I had never entertain'd him.

Isa. Where's *Camelion*? *Raw.* I ha' preferr'd him, *Isaac*.

Isa. How? *Raw.* Turn'd him away last night,
And took this stripling.

Enter Captain.

Cap. Morrow Sir *John*, where is the early Bridegroom?

Isst. Came you not from him?

Bel. We expect him, sir, every minute.

Cap. Not yet come? his servants told me
He went abraod before the morning blusht.

Bel. We ha not seen him, pray heaven.

The Wedding.

He be in health. *Cap.* I wonder at his absence.

Raw. Captain *Landby*, young man of warre, I do

Salute thee a broad-side. *Cap.* D'ee heare, they

Say you come a wooing to my Cousin;

That day you marry her I'll cut your throat. Keep't to your self.

Hav. Thou art a Noble fellow, things may prosper.

Cap. You come higher to wish God give 'em joy now.

Raw. Yes marry do I. *Cap.* You do lye; you come to
Scourge your dirty maw with the good cheere,

Which will be dam'd in your lean *Barathrum*,

That kitchin-stuffe devourer. *Raw.* Why shud you

Say so Captain? my belly did ne're think

You any harm. *Cap.* When it does vomit up thy heart

I'll praise it, in the mean time would

Every bit thou eat'st to day, were steep'd

In *Aquafortis*. *Raw.* What is that *Iasper*?

Hav. It is strong water.

Raw. Noble Captain, thanks y' faith heartily.

I was afraid you had been angry. *Cap.* I'll ha thee sow'd up in a

Mony-bagg, and boyl'd to jelly.

Raw. You shall ha me at your service,

And my bags too, upón good security:

Is not this better then quarrelling, *Iasper*?

Enter Cardona.

Car. Is not the Bridge-groom come yet? Sure he has overslept himself; there is nothing but wondring within, all the maids are in upore, on sayes he is a slow thing, and other sayes, she knows not what to say, but they all conclude, if ever they marry, they'll make it in their bargain to be sure of all things before matrimony: Fie upon him, if I were to be his wife, I'd shew him a trick for't e're a year came about, or it should cost me a fall, I warrant him. *Exit.*

Inst. Sir *Iohn*, y' are troubled. *Bel.* Can you blame me, sir?

I would not have our mornings expectation

Frustrate. — I know not what to think.

Inst. Sir Feare not. *Bel.* The morn grows old.

Inst. Himen has long tapers.

Bel. What should procure his absence? He departed

But odly yestear-day. *Cap.* *Marwood* had engag'd him;

They promis'd to return. *Bel.* But we see neither.

Inst. They'll come together, make it not your fear;

BEAN.

The Wedding.

Beauford's a Gentleman, and cannot be
Guilty of doing such affront, unless
Some misfortune. *Bel.* That's another jealousy.

Enter Lodam, Camellion waiting upon him.

Lod. Where is Sir *John Belfare*? *Bel.* Ha? *Mr. Lodam.*
Welcome. *Lod.* I congratulate —

Bel. Saw you Master *Beauford*, sir?

Lod. Yes, I saw him, but — *Just.* But what?

Lod. I know not how he does: Where is the Lady that must
Be undone to night? Your Daughter?

Bel. My daughter undone? name what unhappiness,
My heart already doth begin to prophesie
Her unkind fate, name what disaster, give it
Expression, pray what is the news? *Lod.* The news?
Why wo'd ye know the news? 'tis none a'th best.

Just. Be temperate then in your relation.

Bel. What is't? *Lod.* They say for certain,
There were four and twenty Colliers cast away,
Coming from *New-Castle*, 'tis cold news i'th City,
But there is worse news abroad.

Bel. Doth it concern my knowledge? trifle not.

Lod. They say that Canary sack must dance
Agen to the *Apothecaries*, and be sold for
Physick in thum-glasses and thimbles; that the
Spaw-water must be transported hither, and
Be drunk instead of French wines:

For my part, I am but one. *Hav.* Big enough for two.

Lod. This Citadel may endure as long a siege
As another; if the pride of my flesh must be
Pald down, farewell it; 'thas done me service this forty year: let
it go. *Bel.* Saw you Master *Beauford*? *Lod.* Yes, Sir *John*,
I saw him—but 'twas three dayes ago.

Cap. He is ridiculous. *Just.* Do not afflict your self,
He will give a fair account at his return.

Bel. Pray heaven he may — My Daughter.

Enter Gratiana, Jane, and Cardona.

Raw. Sir, I desire to be acquainted with you.

Lod. I have no stomach to your acquaintance,
You are a thought too lean. *Raw.* And you a bit too fat.

Bel. Dost not wonder, *Girl*, at *Beauford's* absence?

Grat.

The Wedding.

Grat. Not at all, sir. I am not now to learn Opinion of his nobleness; and I hope Your judgment will not permit you sin so much To censure him for this stay. Fair morning To master *Lodby*, noble *Captain*, master *Lodam*, and the rest. *Raw.* I am so little She cannot see me; give you joy, forsooth; I hope it is your destiny to be married.

Cap. And yours to be hang'd. *Raw.* How sir? *Hav.* No harm; He wishes you long life. *Raw.* A long halter he does; What to be hang'd?

Hav. 'Las sir he knows you ha no flesh to burden you, Light as a feather, hanging will ne'r kill you, If he had wish'd, sir, master *Lodam* hang'd.

Raw. Then I'll to him and thank him; — But here's Mistress *Fane*.

Cap. You shall command me as your servant. — *firra.* *Exit.*
As he goes out, he sees Raw. Court Fane.

Raw. I did but ask her how she did, I said Never a word to her: Pox upon his bounsing, 'I am as fearful of him as of a Gun, He does so powder me. *Gra.* We have not seen You sir this great while, you fall away, me-thinks.

Lod. Losing *Lodam*, I. *Gra.* You are not the least welcome, sir.

Lod. I do give you great thanks, and do mean to dance at your Wedding for't: I do marvel master *Beauford* is not earlier, I shud ha been here with musick Lady, and have sidled you too, before you were up; these lean lovers ha nothing in'em, flow men of *London*. *Bel.* *Gratiana.* *Lod.* *spies Fane.*

Lod. Who's this? she has a mortal eye.

Isa. *Camelion?* How now, turnd away your master?

Cam. No, I sold my place; as I was thinking to run away, comes this fellow, and offered me a break-fast for my good will to speak to my master for him, I took him at his word, and resigned my office, and turnd over my hunger to him immediately; now I serve a man, *Isaac.*

Bel. *Isaac.* —

Exit. Isaac, as sent off.

Lod. I do fore-see a fall of this tower already, Love begins to undermine it. Mistress, a word in private.

Raw. *Isister*, has't a sword? *Hav.* Yes sir.

Raw.

The Wedding.

Raw. That's well, let it alone : Didst see this paunch affront me ?

Hav. He did it in love to the Gentlewoman.

Raw. In love ? let me see the sword agen.

Drawes

W'od 'twere in his belly — put it up ;
Thou deserv'st a good blade, 'tis so well kept.

Enter Isaac.

Isa. Master *Beauford*, master *Beauford*. *Bel.* Where ?

Isa. Hard by within a stones cast a my mistress, here sir here.

Enter Beauford.

Gra. My dearest *Beauford*, where hast been so long ?

Beau. Oh *Gratiana* ! *Gra.* Are you not in health ?

Bel. Not well ; 'tis then no time to chide — How fare you sir ?

Beau. I have a trouble at my heart ; pardon

The trespasses o' your patience, Gentlemen ;

I'll publish the occasion of my absence,

So first you give me leave to unlade it here :

But, with your favour, I desire I may

Exempt all cares but *Gratiana's*, till

A short time ripen it for your knowledge. *Bel.* Ha ?

Inst. Let's leave 'em then a while.

Bel. Into the Garden, Gentlemen. *Raw.* With all my heart :

In my conscience they'll be honest together.

Bel. This begets my wonder, master *Lodam*.

Lod. Good Sir *John*, I'll wait upon you,

It is dinner time.

Exeunt.

Beau. I have no time to dwell on circumstance,

I come to take my last leave, you and I

Must never meet again. *Gra.* What language do I hear ?

If *Beauford's*, it should strike me dead ?

Beau. This day I had design'd for marriage, but I must
Pronounce we are eternally divorc'd ;

Oh *Gratiana* ! thou hast made a wound

Beyond the cure of Surgery ; why did nature

Empty her treasure in thy face, and leave thee

A black prodigious soul ? *Gra.* Defend me, goodness !

Beau. Call upon darkness to obscure thee rather,

That never more thou maist be seen by mortall ;

Get thee some dwelling in a mist, or in

A wild forsaken earth, a Wilderness,

Where thou maist hide thy self, and dye forgotten.

Gra. Where was I lost ? name what offence provok'd

This

The Wedding.

This heavy doom : dear *Beauford*, be no so
Injust to sentence me, before I know
What is my crime ; or if thou wilt not tell
What sin it is I have committed, great,
And horrid, as your anger ; let me study,
I'll count 'em all before you ; never did
Penitent, in confession, strip the soul
More naked ; I'll unclasp my book of conscience ;
You shall read o're my heart, and if you find
In that great volume, but one single thought
Which concern'd you, and did not end with some
Good prayer you ; Oh be just, and kill me.

Beau. Be just, and tell thy conscience ; th'ast abus'd it,
False woman ; why dost thou increase thy horror ?
By the obscuring a mis-deed which wo'd,
Were all thy other sins forgiven, undo thee :
Oh *Gratiana* ! thou art — *Gra.* What am I ?

Beau. A thing I would not name, it sounds so fearfully ;
'T would make a Devil blush to be saluted
By that which thou must answer to. *Gra.* I fear. —

Beau. That fear betrays thy guilt : tell me, *Gratiana*,
What didst thou see in me to make thee think
I was not worthy of thee at thy best
And richest value, when thou wert as white
In soul, as beauty ? for sure, once thou wert so :
Hadst thou so cheap opinion of my birth,
My breeding, or my fortunes, that none else
Could serve for property of your lust, but I ?

Gra. Dear *Beauford* hear me.

Beau. A common father to thy sin-got issue,
A patron of thy risted, unchast wombe ;
Oh thou wert cruell, to reward so ill
The heart that truly honor'd thee I thy name,
Which sweetn'd once the name of him that spake it,
And musically charm'd the gentle eare,
Shall sound hereafter like a Screech-owles note,
And fright the hearer : Virgins shall lament
That thou hast sham'd their chaste society ;
And oft as *Hymen* lights his tapers up,
At the remembrance of thy name, shed tears.

The Wedding.

And blush for thy dishonour: from this minute,
Thy friends shall count thee desperately sick,
And when soe're thou goest abraod, that day
The maids and matrons, thinking thou art dead,
And going to the grave, shall all come forth,
And wait like mourners on thee. *Gra.* Ha ye done?
Then hear me a few fillables; you have
Suspition that I am dishonour'd. *Bean.* No,
By heaven I have not; I have too much knowledge
To suspect thee sinfull; but in the assurance
Of it, I must disclaim thy heart for ever:
Gratiana, my opinion of thy whiteness
Hath made my soul as black as thine already:
Weep till thou wash away thy stain, and then,
I'th other world, we two may meet agen.

Gra. Weep inward eyes, hither your streams impart,
For sure, I have tears enough do drown my heart.

Exit.

Exit.

Actus Tertij. Scena Prima.

Enter Beauford and Captain.

Cap. **Y**OU amaze me; *Beauford*, *Gratiana* false?
I shall suspect the truth of my conception,
And think all women monsters: though I never
Lov'd with that neerness of affection
To marry any, yet I mourn they should
Fall from their vertue; why may not *Marwood*
Injure her goodness?

Bean. What, and damne his soul?
Shall I think any with his dying breath
Would shipwrack his last hope? He mixt with
His prayers, when in the stream of his own blood
His soul was lanching forth.

Cap. That circumstance takes away all suspition agen;
Where left you *Marwood*? *Bean.* I'th Parke. *Cap.* Quice dead?

Bean. Hopelesse; his weapon might have prov'd so happy,
To have releas'd me of a burden to;
And but that man-hood, and the care of my
Eternity forbids, I would force out

That

The Wedding.

That which but wearies me to carry it,
Unwelcome life! *Cap.* Would he were buried.
My fears perplex me for you; though none see
You fight, the circumstance must needs
Betray you: what's he.

Enter a Surgeon.

Sur. I would borrow your care in private.

Bean. We are but one to hear; his love hath
Made him too great a part of my affliction:
Speak it. *Sur.* The body is taken thence.

Bean. Ha? *Sur.* I cannot be deceived sir; I beheld
Too plain a demonstration of the place:
But he that suffered such a losse of blood,
Had not enough to maintain life till this time:
Which way so e're his body was convey'd,
I must conclude it short liv'd; I am sorry
I could not serve you. *Bean.* Sir I thank you,
You deserve I should be grateful: it must be so --

{ gives him money, Exit Surgeon.

Cap. What fellow's this? *Bean.* A Surgeon.

Cap. Dare you trust him? *Bean.* Yes, with my life.

Cap. You have done that already in your discovery,
Pray heaven he prove your friend;
You must resolve for flight, ye shall take ship. *Bean.* Never.

Cap. Will you ruin yourself? There's no security.

Bean. There is not, Captain,
Therefore I'll not change my ayre. *Cap.* How?

Bean. Unless thou canst instruct me how to flye from
My self; for wheresoever else I wander,
I shall but carry my accuser with me. *Cap.* Are you mad?

Bean. I have heard, in *Africk* is a tree, which tasted
By travellers, it breeds forgetfulness
Of their Country, canst direct me thither?
Yet 'twere in vain, unless it can distinguish,
And drown the remembrance I am *Beauford*:
No — I'll not move; let those poor things that dare not
Dye, obey their fears, I will expect my fate here.

Cap. This is wildness;
A desperate folly, pray be sensible: —
Who's this? 'tis *Gratiana*.

Enter Gratiana with a Cabinet of Jewels.

Bean. Ha farewell. *Cap.* You shall stay now a little.

The Wedding.

Bean. I will not hear an accent, I shall lose
My memory, be charm'd into beleefe
That she is honest, with her voyce, I dare not
Trust my frailty with her. *Cap.* She speaks nothing:
Is all a weeping-Nyobe, a statue;
Or in this posture, doth she not present
A water-Nymph plac'd in the midst of some
Fairst Garden, like a Fountain to dispence
Her Christall streams upon the flowers? which cannot
But so refresht, look up, and seem to smile
Upon the eyes that feed 'em: Will she speak?

Gra. Though by the effusion of my teares you may
Conclude I bring nothing but sorrow with me,
Yet hear me speak; I come not to disturbe
Your thoughts, or with one bold and daring language
Say how unjust you make my sufferings: I know not what
Hath rais'd this mighty storm to my destruction,
But I obey your doom; and after this,
Will never see you more. First, I release
And give you back your vows; with them, you heart
Which I had lock'd up in my own, and cherish'd
Better; mine, 'me sure, does bleed to part with't;
All that is left of yours, this Cabinet
Delivers back to your possession,
There's every Jewel you bestow'd upon me,
The Pledges once of love. *Bean.* Pray keep 'em.

Gra. They are not mine, since I have lost the opinion
Of what I was; indeed I have nothing else:
I would not keep the kisses once you gave me,
If you would let me pay them back again.

Bean. All women is a labyrinth; we can
Measure the height of any starr, point out
All the dimensions of the earth, examine
The Seas large wombe, and sound its subtle depth;
But Art will ne're be able to find out
A demonstration of a womans heart:
Thou hast enough undone me, make me not
More miserable, to beleefe thou canst be vertuous.
Farewell, enjoy you this, I'll find out
Another room to weep in.

Exit.
Cap.

The Wedding.

Cap. Lady, I would ask you a rude question:
Are you a maid? *Gra.* Do I appear so monstrous, no man will
Beleeve my injury? Has heaven forgot
To protect innocence, that all this while
It hath vouchsafed no miracle, to confirm
A Virgins honour? *Cap.* I am answered:
I do beleeve she's honest; Oh that I could
But speak with *Márwood's* ghost now! and thou beest
In hell, I'de meet thee half way, to converse
One quarter of an hour with thee, to know
The truth of all things; thy Diuel Jaylor
May trust thee without a waiter; he has security
For damnation in this sin alone,
I'me full of pitty now, and spite of man-hood
Cannot forbear; come Lady, I am confident,
I know not which way — that y' are vertuous —
Pray walk with me, I'll tell you the whole story,
For yet you know not your accuser.

Gra. I am an exile hence, and cannot walk
Out of my way: *Beanford* farewell, may Angels
Dwell round about thee, live untill thou find,
When I am dead, thou hast bin too unkind.

Exeunt.

Enter Milliscent and Mistris Iane.

Iane. May I beleeve thee, *Milliscent*, that my father,
Though he give such respect to him I hate,
Intends no marriage? Thou hast releast
My heart of many fears, that I was destin'd
To be a sacrifice. *Mil.* It had been sin
That *Milliscent* should suffer you perplex
Your noble soul, when it did consist in
Her discovery to give a freedome,
To your labouring thoughts; 'tis now no more a secret,
Your father makes a trial of your nature,
By giving him such countenance. *Ian.* What thanks shall I give?

Mil. Your vertue hath both unseal'd
My bosome, and rewarded me. *Iane* Oh *Milliscent*!
Thou hast deserv'd my gratitude; and I cannot
But in exchange of thy discovery
Give to thy knowledge what I should tremble
To let another hear; for I dare trust thee with it.

Mil.

The Wedding.

Mil. If I have any skil in my own nature, shall ne're deceive
Your confidence, and think my self much honor'd,
So to be made your treasurer. *Ian.* 'Tis a treasure,
And all the wealth I have, my life, the sum
Of all my joyes on earth, and the expectation
Of future blessings too depend upon it.

Mil. Can I be worthy of so great a trust?

Ian. Thou art and shalt receive it; for my heart
Is willing to discharge it self into thee:
Oh *Milliscent*! though my father would ha been
So cruell to his own, to have wished me marry
Him, 'twas not in the power of my obedience
To give consent to't, for my love already
Is dedicate to one, whose worth hath made
Me but his steward of it; and although
His present fortune doth eclipse his lustre
With seeming condition of a servant,
He has a mind deriv'd from honor, and
May boast himself a Gentleman: is not
Thy understanding guilty, of the person
I point at? sure thou canst not chuse but know him.

Mil. Not I.

Enter Haver.

Iane Then look upon him, *Milliscent.* *Mil.* Ha?

Hav. My master, mistris *Iane*, sent me before
To say, he comes to visit you.

Iane But thou art before him in acceptance; nay,
You stand discovered here, in *Milliscent* you may
Repose safe trust, *Hav.* Her language makes me confident
You are a friend. *Mil.* To both a servant.

Hav. I shall desire your love.

Iane But where's this man of mortgages?
We shall be troubled now.

Hav. I left him chawing the cud, ruminating
Some speech or other, with which he means to
Arrest you. *Mil.* He is entred.

Enter Rawbone.

Hav. I have prepar'd her. *Raw.* Fortune be my guide then.

Hav. And she's a blind one.

Raw. Mistresse *Iane*, I would talke with you in private, I have
fancied

The Wedding.

fancied a business, I know you are witty, and love invention, 'tis my own, and no-body else must hear it. —
Be it known to all men by these presents —

Jane This is like to be a secret.

Raw. That I *Jasper Rawbone*, Citizen, and House-keeper of London. *Hav.* A very poor one, I'm sure.

Raw. Do owe to mistress *Jane*, Lady of my thoughts, late of London Gentlewoman, *Hav.* Is she not still a Gentlewoman?

Raw. Still a Gentlewoman, good-man Cox-combe? Did I not say she was Lady of my thoughts? Where was I now?

Hav. At good-man Cox-combe, sir.

Raw. — Do owe to mistress *Jane*, Lady of my thoughts, late of London Gentlewoman, my true and lawfull heart of *England*, to be paid to his said mistress, her executors or assigns.

Hav. To her executors? What will you pay your heart when she is dead?

Raw. 'Tis none of my fault, and she will dye who can help it? thou dost nothing but interrupt me; I say to be paid to the said mistress, her executors, or assigns, whensoever she demand it, at the font-stone of the Temple. —

Hav. Put it the top of *Pauls* and please you, your conceit will be the higher.

Raw. Which payment to be truly made and performed, I bind not my heirs, but my body and soul for ever.

Hav. How, your soul sir?

Raw. Peace fool, my soul will shift for it self: when I am dead, that will be sure enough: — In witness whereof, I have hereunto put my hand and seale, which is a handsome spiny youth with a bag of money in one hand, a bond in th' other, an Indenture between his legs, the last day of the first merry moneth, and in the second year of the reign of King *Cupid*.

Hav. Excellent! but in my opinion you had better give her possession of your heart, I do not like this owing: faith pluck it out, and deliver it in the presence of us.

Raw. Thou talk'st like a piousne, I can give her possession of it by delivery of two-pence wrapt up in the wax, 'twill hold in Law man; — and how d'ee like it? I could have come over you with Verse, but hang Ballads, give me poetically prose, every Mountebank can rime, and make his lines cry twang, though there be no reason in 'em.

Jane. What Musick have I heard?

Raw.

The Wedding.

Raw. Musick? Oh rare!

Iane He has *Medusa's* noble countenance;
His haire do curl like soft and gentle Snakes:
Did ever puppy smile so? or the Ass
Better become his eares? Oh generous beast
Of sober carriage; sure he's valiant too:
Those blood shot eyes betray him, but his nose
Fishes for commendation.

Raw. What does she mean, *Jasper*?

Hav. D'ee not see her love sir? Why she does doat upon you,
which makes her talk so madly.

Raw. Forsooth I know you are taken with me, alas these things
are natural with me, when shall we be married forsooth?

Ian. With your licence, Sir. —

Hav. D'ee not observe her? you must first procure a Licence.

Raw. You shall hear more from me, when I come agen, —

Jasper. ——— *Exit Rawbone hastily.*

Hav. My heart doth breath it self upon your hand. *Exit.*

Mil. Your Father and master *Lodam.* ———

Enter Lodam, Justice, Camelson.

Lod. Sir I do love your daughter: — I thought it necessary to
acquaint you first, because I would go about the business judicially,

Iust. You oblige us both.

Lod. I'll promise you one thing. *Iust.* What's that?

Lod. I'll bring your daughter no wealth.

Iust. Say you so? What then you promise her nothing.

Lod. But I will bring her that which is greater then wealth.

Iust. What's that? *Lod.* My self.

Iust. A fair joynture. *Lod.* Nay, I'll bring her more.

Iust. It sha' not need, no woman can desire more of a man.

Lod. I can bring her good qualities, if she want any: I ha tra-
vail'd for 'em. *Iust.* What are they? *Lod.* The Languages.

Iust. You suspect she will want tongue: — let me see — Par-
lez Franzois monsieur. *Lod.* Diggon a camrag.

Iust. That's Welch. *Lod.* Pocas palabras. *Iust.* That's Spanish.

Lod. Troth I have such a confusion of languages in my head,
you must e'en take 'em as they come.

Iust. You may speak that more exactly — Havelar spagniol Sig-
nior? *Lod.* Serge-dubois, — Calli-manchó, et Perpetu-ana.

Iust. There's stufso indeed; since you are so perfect, I'll trust
you

The Wedding.

you for the rest. I must referre you sir, unto my daughter, if you can winne her fair opinion, my consent may happily follow : so She is in preface ———

Lod. Mercy, Madam. ———

Salutes Iane.

Iust. This fellow looks like the principal in Usury, and this Rat follows him like a pittiful eight in the hundred : — come hither firra; your name is *Camelion*. *Cam.* It is too true, sir.

Iust. You did live with master *Rawbone*.

Cam. No, sir, I did starve with him, and please you, I could not live with him.

Iust. How do you like your change? *Cam.* Never worse.

Iust. Master *Lodam* wants no flesh.

Cam. But I do : — I have no Justice, sir, my lean master would eat no meat, and my fat master eats up all : — is your Worships house troubled with Vermin? *Iust.* Something at this time.

Cam. Peace and I'll catch a mouse then.

lies down.

Enter Captain and Gratiana.

Iust. My nephew turn'd Gentleman-Usher.

Cap. Sir *John Belfares* daughter.

Iust. 'Las poor Gentlewoman,
I compassionate her unkind destiny.

Cap. Let us intreat a word in private, sir. ———

Lod. I cannot tell how you stand affected, but if you can love a man, I know not what is wanting; greatness is a thing that your wisest Ladies have an itch after: for my own part I was never in love before, and if you have me not, never will be agen. Think on't between this and after dinner, I will stay o' purpose for your answer. *Ian.* Y'are very short.

Lod. I wo'd not be kept in expectation above an hour, for love is worse then a Lent to me, and fasting is a thing my flesh abhors; if my doublet be not fill'd, I know who fares the worse for't. I would keep my flesh to sweare by, and if you and I cannot agree upon the matter, I would lose nothing by you.

Ian. Y'are very resolute.

Lod. Ever while you live, a fat man, and a man of resolution go together; I do not commend my self, but there are no such fiery things in nature. *Ian.* Fiery?

Lod. 'Tis prov'd, put 'em to any action, and see if they do not smoake it; they are men of mettle, and the greatest melters in the World; one hot service makes 'em rost, and they have enough in

The Wedding.

'em to bast a hundred — you may take a lean man, marry your self to famine, and beg for a great belly : you see what became of Sir Johns daughter : — come, I would wish you be well advis'd ; there are more commodities in me then you are aware of ; if you and I couple, you shall fare like an Emperesse.

Ian. That will be somewhat costly.

Lod. Not a token ; I have a priviledge : — I was at the Tavern tother day, i'th next room I smelt hot Venison, I sent but a Drawer to tell the Company, one in the house with a great belly long'd for a corner, and I had halfe a pasty sent me immediately : I will hold intelligence with all the Cooks i'th Town, and what dainty but I have greatness enough to command ?

Iust. I like it well : — be as welcome here as at your Fathers.
Millicent. — make it your care to wait upon this Gentlewoman, but conceal she is our guest. I should rejoyce to see this storm blown over. — Nephew, attend her to her Chamber.

Exeunt Gra. Cap. Mil.

Enter Rawbone and Haver hastily.

Raw. I ha bin about it.

justles Lod. and fals down.

Lod. Next time you ride post, wind your horn, that one may get outa'ch way. *Iust.* What's the matter, *Iane* ?

Raw. 'Tis guts, if I durst, my teeth waters to strike him.

Iust. What ha you done ?

Lod. Les him take heed another time.

Hav. Take such an affront before your mistresse.

Raw. I have a good stomach —

Hav. That's well said. *Raw.* I could eat him.

Hav. Oh is it that ? *Lod.* Let me alone, no body hold me.

Raw. I'll have an action of battery.

Lod. Whorson Mole catcher —

Come not neer me, Weezel.

Raw. Prethee *Iasper* do not thrust me upon him —

I do not fear you, sir. *Lod.* Agen shall I kick thee to peeces.

Hav. Let him baffle ye — to him —

{ *Haver thrusts
him upon him.*

Raw. I do not fear you.

Iust. *Iane* remove your self.

Ian. Master *Rawbone*, I am sorry for your hurt.

Exit.

Hav. She jeeres you.

Lod. For this time I am content with kicking of thee.

As Lodam offers to go out, Haver pulls him back.

Hav.

The Wedding.

Hav. My master desires another w'ee fir. —
You must fight with him —

to Rawbone.

Raw. Who I fight?

Lod. You spider-catcher, ha you not enough? you see I do not draw. *Inst.* Very well.

Hav. By this hand you shall challenge him then, if he dare accept it, I'll meet him in your clothes.

Raw. Will ye? Hum — I do not fear you — satisfaction.

Hav. That's the word.

Raw. That's the word — you'll meet me guts.

Lod. Meet thee by this flesh, if thou dost but provoke me: — you do not challenge me — do not — d'ee long to be minc'd?

Hav. At *Finsbury*. Raw. At *Finsbury*.

Hav. To morrow morning. —

Raw. To morrow morning — you shall find I dare fight.

Lod. Say but such another word.

Raw. *Finsbury*, to morrow morning, there 'tis agen.

Inst. I cannot contain my laughter, ha, ha, ha.

Exit.

Raw. So let's be gone quickly, before he threaten me, you made me challenge him, look to't.

Hav. Fear not, I warrant you.

Exeunt Raw. & Hav.

Lod. Sirra Noverint, if I can but prove thou dost come within 3. furlongs of a wind-mill, I'll set one a top of *Pauls* to watch thee — sha't forfeit thy soul, and I'll cancel thy body worse then any debtor of thine did his obligation — he's gone — and now I think upon the matter, I hove somewhat the worst on't, for if I should kill him, I shall never be able to faye, and he has left a peece of his skull; I think, in my shoulder — whether am I bound to meet him or no? I will consult some o'th swordmen and know whether it be a competent challenge. — *Camelion?*

Cam. Sir.

Lod. Has the Rat, your master that was, any spirit in him?

Cam. Spirit? the last time he was in the field, a boy of seven years old beat him with a Trap-stick.

Lod. Saist thou so? I will meet him then, and hew him to peeces.

Cam. I have an humble suit; — If it be so that you kill him, let me beg his body for an Anatomy, I have a great mind to eat a peece on him.

Lod. 'Tis granted, follow me, I'll cut him up I warrant thee.

Exeunt.

Enter

The Wedding.

Enter Beauford and Captain.

Cap. I have a letter. *Beau.* From whom? *Cap. Gratiana.*

Beau. I would forget that name, speak it no more.

Cap. She is abus'd; and if you had not been.

Transported from us with your passion,
You would ha chang'd opinion, to have heard
How well she pleaded. *Beau.* For herself. *Cap.* You might,
With little trouble gather from her teares
How clear she was; which more transparent then
The morning dew, or christall, fell neglected
Upon the ground: some cunning Jeweller,
To ha seen 'em scatter'd, would a thought some Princeesse
Dropt 'em, and covetous to enrich himself,
Gathered them up for Dyamonds. *Beau.* You are then converted.

Cap. Oh you were too credulous.

Marwood has plaid the villain, and is damn'd for't:

Could but his soul be brought to hear her answer

The accusation, she wo'd make that blush,

And force it to confesse a treason to

Her honour, and your love. *Beau.* You did beleeve her.

Cap. I did; and promis'd her to do this service;

She begg'd of me at parting, if she sent

A letter, to convey it to your hand:

Pray read, you know not what this paper carries.

Beau. Has she acquainted you? *Cap.* Not me; I guesse

It is some secret was not fit for my

Relation, it may be worth your knowledge;

Do her that justice, since you would not hear

What she could say in person, to peruse

Her paper. *Beau.* It can bring nothing to take off

Th' offence committed. *Cap.* Sir, you know not

What satisfaction it contains;

Or what we may confesse in't; for my sake read.

reads.

Beau. To him that was, — what? Confident of her Vertue,

Once an admirer, now a mourner for

Her absent goodness: she has made the change

From her that was, would ha become this paper

Had she conserv'd her first immaculate whiteness,

It had been half prophane, not to salute

Her letter with a kisse, and touch it with

More

The Wedding.

More veneration then a Sybilla lease :
But now all Ceremony must be held
A superstition to the blotted scrole
Of a more stained writer — I'll not read ;
If unprepar'd, she win with her discourse,
What must she do when she has time and study
To apparell her defence ? *Cap.* Deny her this ?
Bean. Well, I will read it.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Here's Sir *John Belfare*.

Bean. Say any thing t'excuse me ; be't your care
That none approach the Chamber :

Cap. So, so, now unhrip the seale.

Enter Sir John Belfare and Isaac.

Bel. Not speak with him ? He must have stronger guard
To keep me out : where's *Beauford* ? *Bean.* Here.

Bel. Then there's a villain. *Bean.* That's course language.

Bel. I must not spin it finer, till you make me
Understand better, why my daughter, and
In her, my family is abus'd.

Bean. She has not then accus'd her self — I'll tell you,
I did expect your daughter would have been
My Virgin Bride ; but she reserv'd for me
The ruines of her honour ; I wo'd not speak
I th rude dialect, you may sooner collect
An English. *Bel.* Is she not honest ? will you
Make her then a whore ?

Bean. Not I, her own sin made her.

Bel. Thou lyest ; nor can my age make me appear
Unworthy a satisfaction from thy sword.

Isa. Does he not call my young mistris whore ?

Bel. Keep me not from him, Captain ; he has in this,
Given a fresh wound : I came t'expostulate
The reason of a former suffering,
Which unto this was charity ; as thou art
A Gentleman, I dare thee to the combat :
Contemn not, *Beauford*, my gray haire, if th'ast
A noble soul, keep not this distance ; meet me,
Thou art a Souldier : for heavens sake permit me
Chastise the most uncharitable slander

The Wedding.

Of this bad man? *Beau.* I never injur'd you.

Bel. Not injur'd me? What is there then in nature
Left to be call'd an injury? didst not mock
Me, and my poor fond girl with marriage?
Till all things were design'd, the very day
When *Hymen* should have worn this saffron robe;
My friends invited, and prepar'd to call
Her Bride; and yet, as if all this could not
(Summ'd up together) make an injury;
Does thy corrupted soul at last conspire
To take her white name from her? — give me leave
To expresse a Father in a tear or two,
For my wrong'd child. O *Beauford*! thou hast rob'd
A father and a daughter. — but I wo' not
Usurpe heavens justice, which shall punish thee
'Bove my weak arm; maist thou live to have.
Thy heart as ill rewarded, to be a father
At my years, have one daughter and no more,
Belov'd as mine, so mock'd, and then call'd Whore,

Cap. 'Las good old man.

Exit Bel. & Isa.

Bel. My afflictions,

Are not yet numbred in my fate, nor I
Held ripe for death. *Cap.* Now read the letter.

Beau. Yes, it cannot make me know more misery.

Beauford. I dare not call the mine, though I could not hope *reads*
(while I was living,) thou wouldst believe my innocence, deny me
not this favour after death, so say I once lov'd thee
Ha, death? Captain is she dead?

Cap. I hope she employd not me to bring this newes.

Beau. Yes Death — ha?

Prethee read the rest; there's something
In my eyes, I cannot well distinguish
Her small Characters.

Cap. My Accuser by this time knows the reward of my injury:
Farewell, I am carrying my Prayers for thee to another World —
Her own Martyr, drown'd *Gratiana*.

Beau. Read all. *Cap.* I have.

Beau. It cannot be, for when thou mak'st an end,
My heart should give a tragick period,
And with a loud sigh breake: drown'd!
'Twas no sin above heavens pardon

Though

The Wedding.

Though thou hast been false
To thy first vow and me; I wo'd not had
Thee dyed so soon: or if thou hadst affected
That death, I could ha drown'd thee with my teares:
Now they shall never find thee, but be lost
Within thy watery Sepulcher,

Cap. Take comfort. *Beau.* Art dead?
Then here I'll Coffin up my self, untill
The Law unbury me for *Marmoods* death;
I wonnot hope for life, mercy sha' not save
Him, that hath now a patten for his Grave.

Actus Quarti. Scena Prima.

Enter Milliscent and Gratiana.

Mil. **T**Is his command to whom I owe all service,
I should attend you. *Gra.* Th'art too diligent:
I prethee leave me. *Mil.* I should be unhappy
To be offensive in my duty; yet
Had I no charge upon me, I should much
Desire to wait. *Gra.* On me? *Mil.* I know not why;
Your sorrow does invite me. *Gra.* Th'art too young
To be acquainted wo't, *Mil.* I know it wo'd not
Become my distance to dispute with you
At what age we are fittest to receive
Our griefes impressiion. *Gra.* Leave me to my self.

Mil. I must, if you will have it so.

offers to go out.

Gra. Methought
I saw him drop a tear; come back agen:
What should he mean by this unwillingness
To part? he looks as he would make me leave
My own misfortune to pittie his:
Thy name? *Mil.* I am called *Milliscent*.

Gra. Dost thou put on that countenance to imitate
Mine? or hast a sorrow of thy own, thou
Wouldst expresse by't? *Mil.* Mine does become my fortune;
Yet yours does so exactly paint out misery,
That he that wanted of his own, would mourn
To see your picture. *Gra.* Mine is above

The

The Wedding.

The common level of affliction.

Mil. Mine had no example to be drawn by ;
I would they were a kin, so I might make
Your burthen less by mine own sufferings.

Gra. I thank thy love. *Mil.* And yet I prophesie
There's something would make mine a part of yours,
Were they examin'd.

Gra. Passion makes thee wild now :

Mil. You have encouraged me to boldness, pardon
My ruder language. *Gra.* Didst thou ever love?

Mil. Too soon; from thence sprung my unhappiness.

Gra. And mine. *Mil.* My affliction riper than my years,
Hath brought me so much sorrow, I do not think
That I shall live to be a man.

Gra. I like thy sad expression, wee'll converse
And mingle stories. *Mil.* I shall be too bold.

Gra. We lay aside distinctions; if our fates
Make us alike in our mis-fortunes; yet

Mine will admit no parallel : ha ! we are interrupted :

Enter Justice reading a Letter.

Let's with-draw, and I'll begin.

Mil. You may command; and when
Your story's done, mine shall maintain the Scene.

Just. To maintain such bliss, I will
Wish to be transformed still : Nor wil't be a shame in love,
Since I imitate but *Love*,
Who from heaven hath strayed, and in
A thousand figures worse than mine,

Woo'd a Virgin : may not I,
Then for thee a servant try ?

Yes, for such a maid as thee,
Vary as many shapes as he :

Rambone cloaths my outward part,
But thy livery my heart.

Haver. Ha ! young *Haver* ?

This Letter I found in my daughters prayer Book, is this your Saint ?
how long ha they conspir'd thus ? Report gave out, he was
gone to travail : it seems he staves here for a wind, and in the mean
time would rigg up my Daughter : he is a Gentleman well educa-
ed, but his fortune was consum'd by a prodigal father, e're he was
ripe;

The Wedding.

ripe ; which makes him, I suspect, borrow this shape to court my Daughter : little does *Ranbone* think his servant is his rival, I find the juggling, and will take order they shannot steal a marriage.

Enter Captain.

Nephew, I ha news for you. *Cap.* For me, sir.

Just. You are a Souldier, there's a duel to Be fought this morning, will you see't ?

Cap. It does not, sir, become a Gentleman To be spectator of a fight, in which He's not engag'd. *Just.* You may behold it, Cosen, Without disparagement to your honour ; *Ranbone* Has challeng'd Mr. *Lodam*, the place *Finsbury*.

Cap. They fight ? a doublet stuff with straw, advancing A bull-rush, were able to fright'em both Out a' their fences ; tha' not soul enough To skirmish with a field-mouse : they point a duel ? At Hogf-don, to shew fencing upon Creame And Cake-bread, murder a quaking Custard, Or some such daring enemy. *Just.* Did not Affairs of weight compel me to be absent, I would not miss the fight on't ; for the Usurer Hath got his man *Jasper* t'appear for him in his apparel. *Cap. Jasper ?*

Just. For mirths sake, You may behold it ; and let me entreat, At your return, perfect relation Of both their valours. *Cap.* You shall sir.

Just. And Coze —
If it be possible, procure 'em hither Before they shift, I much desire to see 'em.

Cap. Promise your self they shall : I will defer My conference with *Gratiana*, and Entertain this recreation. *Just.* So ; I have a fancy, This opportunity will give it birth ; If all hit right, it may occasion mirth.

Exit.

Enter Miliscent and Gratiana.

Gra. Which part of my discourse compels thee to This suffering ? *Mil.* Your pardon Lady, I Did prophesie what now I find ; our stories Have dependence. *Gra.* How prethee ?

Mil. That *Marwood*, Whom you report thus wounded, had a near

Relation

The Wedding.

Re'ation to me, and 'twas my fortune
To come to close his eyes up, and receive
His last breath. *Gra.* Ha!

Mil. I know more than *Beauford*,
And dying he oblig'd my love to tel't him
When ere we met. *Gra.* You beget wonder in me:
Did he survive his slander? there is hope
He did recant the injury he did me.

Mil. He did confirm he had enjoy'd your person,
And bad me tell *Beauford* he left behind
A living witness of the truth he dy'd for;
Naming a Gentlewoman, *Cardona*,
● That bred you in your fathers house; whom, he
Affirm'd, betray'd your body to his lust.

Gra. *Cardona*? — Piety has forsaken earth:
Was ever woman thus betray'd to sin,
Without her knowledge?

Mil. Wo'd he had not been
● My kinsman, I begin to fear him.

Gra. Wherein had I offended *Marwood*,
He should alive and dead so persecute
My fame? *Cardona* too i'th conspiracy,
'Tis time to die then.

Mil. My heart mourns for you
In the assurance of your innocence,
And were I worthy to direct you-----

Gra. Has malice found out another murderer?

Mil. Would you be pleas'd to hear me, I could point
You out a path would bring you no repentance
To walk in, if (as I am confident)
Your goodness fears not what *Cardona* can
Accuse your honour with; let her be
Examin'd; then her knowledge will quit you,
Or make your suffering appear just; this is
An easie tryal; and since *Marwood* had
A stubborn soul, for though he were my kins-man
I prefer justice, and held shame to check
His own report, women have softer natures;
And things may be so manag'd, if there be
A treason, to enforce confession from her:
Would you please t'employ me in this service,

And

The Wedding.

And, though unworthy, be directed by me,
I begg it from you; I'll engage my being
You shall find comfort in't. *Gra.* Do any thing:
But I am lost already. *Mil.* You much honour me.

Exeunt.

Enter Lodam and Camelion.

Lod. Cam. See and if he be come yet, bring me word hither.

Cam. I see one lying o'th ground. ———

Lod. Is there so? let's steal away before we be discovered, I do not like when men perdue; beside, there may be three or four of a heap, for ought we know: let's be-k, I say.

Cam. 'Tis a horse.

Lod. Hang him jade, I knew it could be nothing else, is the coast clear *Camelion*? *Cam.* I see nothing but five or six.

Lod. Five or six? treachery! an ambush, 'tis valour to run.

Cam. They be wind-mills.

Lod. And yet thou wo'dst perswade me 'twas an ambush for me.

Cam. I?

Lod. Come thou wert afraid, and the truth were known; but be valiant: I have a sword, and if I do draw, it shall — be against my will: is he not come yet?

Cam. And he were between this and *Moor-gate*, you might scent him.

Lod. If he come, some body shall smell ill-savoredly ere he and I part — ha! by this flesh 'tis he; *Cam.* Go tell him I am sick.

Enter Haver, Rawbone, (having changed cloths) Captain,

Hav. Master Lodam. Lod. A brace of bullets to my heart.

Cap. Here can I stand and behold the Champions.

Lod. I have expected you this two hours, which is more than I ha done to all the men I ha fought withal, since I slew the high German in *Tuttle*.

Cap. Whorson moale-catcher. *Lod.* Draw spider.

Cap. Well said toade. *Hav.* Let us confer a little.

Lod. Confer me no conferings. I will have no more mercy on thee than an infidel; and th'adst been wise, thou mightest ha kept thee at home with thy mellancholly Cat, that keeps thy Study, with whom thou art in Commons, and dost feed on Rats a Sundayes; then perhaps a leg or an arm, with thy Jews ears had satisfied me, when I met thee next: draw I say, why dost not draw?

Hav. I come to give you satisfaction.

Lod. What with words?

The Wedding.

Sirra Tartar, my Fox shall scratch your guts out; which I will send to the Bear-Garden: Doeſt hear, *Uſuring Dog*, I'll tell thee my reſolution; I do mean to give thee as many wounds before I kill thee, as a Surgeons ſign has: and when I am weary of ſkarrifying thy fleſh, I'll bore thy heart—which done, mark what I ſay; I will divide thy quarters: obſerve and tremble; then will I ha thee put into a tub or barrel, and powder thee; and after three dayes in pickle, this thing that was thy ſervant, this *Cacodemon* whom thou didſt ſtarve once, *Camelion*, ſhall in revenge of his pittifull famine, eat thee up, devoure thee, and grow fat i'th ribs agen with thy fleſh, *Mammon* —

Cam. I hungrily thank your worſhip.

Raw. What have I ſcap'd?

aſide.

Lod. Which is more, after thou art dead, I wonot leave thy ſoul quiet, I'll torment thy Ghost: for I will ſtraight to thy houſe, where I will break open thy Cheſts, lin'd with white and yellow mettall, which I will caſt away on pious uſes: then ſummon all thy debtors by a Drum, and give 'm in all their Bills, Bonds, Evidences, Indentures, Deſefances, Morgages, Statutes.

Raw. I ſhall be undone.

Lod. And there were a milion on 'em.

Raw. I'll home, and ſhut up my doors, for fear he kill *Jaſper*, and uſe me ſo indeed.

Cap. If thou doſt offer to look home agen, till they ha done, I'll cut thee off at thigh.

Raw. Ah — *Lod.* Draw I ſay.

Hav. Since there is no remedy. *Lod.* His ſword appears *Cam.*

Cam. If he were a coward you were able to conjure a ſpirit into him with thoſe threatnings.

Lod. Poſe my dulneſs: doſt here ſcoundrel? if I ſhould incline to mercy, what ſubmiſſion? ha? let me ſee — I, I, live, thou ſhalt upon thy knees, confeſs thy raskality, and ask me forgiveness in private, in the preſence of Miſtreſs *Jane*, and the twelve companies which at thy charge ſhall be ſealed that day in *Moore-fields*.

Hav. That muſt not be.

Lod. Then ſay when thou art dead, thou wert offered conditions for thy life: *Cam.* Thou ſhalt feed and feed high *Camelion* — let me ſee, — come tis my fooliſh nature to ha compaſſion o' thee, I know th'art ſorry, ſhalt only confeſs thy ſelf a raskel under thy hand, and ſtay my intended revenge, which elſe would ha been immortal.

Hav.

The Wedding!

Hav. Let me consider. *Lod.* O ho *Cap.*

Cap. Cowards, we shall have no skirmish.

Raw. Now I think on't, what if my man *Jasper* should be valiant and kill *Lodam* — umh? what pickle were I in? worse, worse, he'll run away, I shall be taken and hang'd for the Conspiracy:

Puts Haver by the sleeve.

Ah — *Jasper*, rogue that I was, where were my braines to challenge him — he wonnot heare — a stubborn knave, he looks as if he meant to kill: ah *Jasper*.

Cap. I ha seen a dogge look like him, that has drawn a Wicker bottle, ratling about the streets, and leering on both sides where to get a quiet corner to bite his tayle off.

Raw. I do imagine my self apprehended already: now the Constable is carrying me to New-gate — now, now, I'm at the Sessions house i'th Docke: — now I'me cald: — not guilty my Lord: — the Jury has found the inditement *Billa vera* — now, now comes my sentence.

Hav. I am resolv'd Sir. *Raw.* Ha —

Hav. You shall have what acknowledgement this pen of steel will draw out in your flesh with red ink, and no other, dear master *Lodam*. *Lod.* How? *Cap.* So, so.

Raw. Now I'me i'th Cart, riding up *Holborn* in a two wheel'd Chariot, with a guard of Halbardiers; there goes a proper fellow says one: good people pray for me: now I am at the three Wooden stilts. —

Lod. Is this *Rawbone* the Coward?

Doest hear thing — consider what thou doest, come among friends, thy word shall be as good as a note under thy hand, tempt not my fury — wo'd I were off with asking him forgiveness.

Raw. Hey! now I feel my toes hang i'th Cart: Now tis drawn away, now, now, now.

I am gone —

turnes about.

Hav. You must shew your fencing.

Lod. Hold: I demand a parley. *Hav.* How?

Lod. 'Tis not for your reputation to deale with a Gentleman upon unequall termes.

Hav. Where lye the ods? *Cap.* How's this?

Lod. Examine our bodies:

I take it I am the fairer mark, 'tis a disadvantage: feed till you be as fat as I, and I'll fight w'ee as I am a Gentleman.

Hav.

The Wedding.

Hav. It shannaot serve your turn.

Fight

Lod. Hold; murder, murder.

Raw. I'm dead, I'm dead.

Cap. Whorson puffe-past, how he winks and barks.
How now Gentleman, master Lodam?

Lod. Captain, shud a come but a little sooner, and ha seen good sport; by this flesh he came up handsomely to me; a pritty sparke faith Captain. Hav. How sir?

Lod. But if you be his friend, run for a Surgeon for him, I have hurt him under the short ribs, beside a cut or two i'th shoulder: would I were in a Millars sacke yonder, though I were ground for't, to be quit on'em.

Hav. You wonnot use me thus?

Lod. I were best deliver my sword e're I be compeld to't — a pritty fellow, and one that will make a souldier; because I see th'ast a spirit, and canst use thy Weapon, I'le bestow a dull blade upon thee Squirrell.

Cap. Deliver up your weapon?

Lod. In love, in love, Captain; he's a sparke a'my reputation and worthy your acquaintance.

Hav. Thou mully-puffe, were it not justice to kick thy guts out.

Lod. When I am dis-arm'd?

Hav. Tak't agen you spunge —

Lod. What when I have geen't thee? tis at thy service, and it were a whole Cutlers shop: be confident.

Raw. My Ague has not left me yet, there's a grudging a'ch halter still.

Cap. Mr. *Rambone*, I repent my opinion of your Cowardize. I see you dare fight, and shall report it to my Cousin: You shall walk home, she'll take it as an honor, And present your prisoner.

Raw. *Asper*, lets go home and shift, do not go --- honest *Asper*.

Hav. You will be pratling firra — I'le wait upon you Captain: Master Lodam. —

Lod. I will accompany thee, th'art noble, and fit for my conversation, honest master *Rambone* — a pox upon you.

Cap. Nay, you shal wait a' your master with his leave, good *Asper*.

Hav. How, now *Asper*?

Exeunt.

Cornets:

The Wedding.

Cornets: A Table set forth with two Tapers: Servants placing Ewes, Bayes, and Rosemary, &c.

Enter Beauford.

Beau. Are these the herbs you strow at Funerals?

Ser. Yes sir, *Beau.* 'Tis well, I commend your care,
And thank ye; ye have exprest more duty
In not enquiring wherefore I command
This strange employment, therein the very
Act of your obedience: my chamber
Looks like the spring now: ha ye not art enough
To make this Ewe-tree grow here, or this Bayes,
The embleme of our victory in death?
But they present that best when they are withedr'd:
Have you been careful that no day break in
At any Window, I would dwell in night,
And have no other star-light but these tapers.

Ser. If any ask to speak with you,
Shall I say, you are abroad?

Beau. No; to all do enquire with busie face,
Pale or disturb'd, give free access.
What do I differ from the dead? would not
Some fearfull man or woman, seeing me,
Call this a Church-yard, and imagine me
Some wakeful apparition 'mong the graves;
That for some treasures buried in my life,
Walk up and down thus? buried? no 'twas drown'd;
I cannot therefore say, it was a chest;
Gratianna had ne're a Coffin, I have one
Spacious enough for bothon's; but the waves
Will never yeeld to't, for it may be they
Soon as the Northern wind blowes cold upon 'em,
Will freeze themselves to marble over her,
Lest she should want a tombe:

Enter Keeper.

Thy business. *Keep.* He dyed this morning:
A friend of his and yours did practise on him
A little Surgery, but in vain; his last
Breath did forgive you: but you must expect
No safety from the Law --- my service, sir.

Beau. I have left direction that it cannot misse me:

And

The Wedding.

And hadst thou come to apprehend me for't;
Wish as much ease thou mightst; I am no states-man;
Officious servants make no tutors wait;
My door's ungarded; tis no labyrinth
I dwell in; but I thank thy love, there's something
To reward it: justice cannot put on
A shape to fright me. *Keep.* I am sorry, sir,
Your resolution carries so much danger. *Exit.*

Bea. What can life bring to me, that I should court it;
There is a period in nature, 'tis not
Better to die and not be sick; worn in
Our bodies, which in imitation
Of ghosts grow leane, as if they wo'd at last
Be immaterial too; our blood turn jelly,
And freeze in their cold channel, let me expire
While I have heat and strength to tug with death for Victory.

Enter Miliscent.

Mil. You may disburden there;
But gently, 'tis a chest of value. *Mistress—*
I'll give him notice; where's Beauford?

Beau. Here. *Mil.* What place d'ee call this?

Bea. 'Tis a Bridal Chamber. *Mil.* It presents horror.

Bea. Ha you any thing to say to me? *Mil.* Yes. *Bea.* Proceed.

Mil. I come to visit you. *Bea.* You are not welcome then.

Mil. I did suspect it, and have therefore brought:
My assurance wo'me, I must require
Satisfaction for a kinsmans death,
One *Marwood.* *Bea.* Ha?

Mil. Your valour was not noble,
It was a course reward to kill him for
His friendship: I come not with a guard of
Officers to attach your person, it
Were too poor and formal, the instrument
That sluc'd his soul out, I had rather shud
Sacrifice to his ashes, and my sword
Shall do't, or yours be guilty of another
To wait upon his Ghost.

Bea. Young man be not
Too rash, without the knowledge how our quarrel
Rise, to procure thy self a danger. *Mil.* Make it

Not

The Wedding.

Not your feare, I have heard the perfect story,
Ande're I fight with thee, sha't see thy error;
Acknowledge thou hast kild a friend, I bring
A perspective to make those things that lie
Remote from sense, familiar unto thee; nay,
Thou shalt confess thou knowst the truth of what
Concerns him, or *Gratiana*. *Bea*. When my soul
Throws off this upper garment, I shall know all.

Mil. Thou shalt not number many minutes; know
'Twas my misfortune to close up the eyes
Of *Marwood*, whose body I vow'd never
Should to the earth without revenge, or me
Companion to his grave: I ha therefore brought it
Hither, 'tis in this house. *Bea*. Ha?

Mil. His pale corps
Shall witness my affection. *Bea*. Thou didst promise
To inform me of *Gratiana*. *Mil*. And thus briefly:
Marwood reveal'd at death another witness
Of his truth, for *Cardona* he corrupted
To betray *Gratiana* to him. *Bea*. Ha, *Cardona*!
Heaven continue her among the living
But half an hour. *Mil*. I ha sav'd ye trouble;
Shee waits without, in your name I procur'd
Her presence, as you had affairs with her:
She's unprepar'd, a little terror will
Enforce her to confess the truth of all things,

Bea. Thou dost direct well. *Mil*. Still remember *Beauford*,
I am thy enemy, and in this do but
Prepare thy conscience of mis-deed to
Meet my just anger.

Bea. I am all wonder.

Mil. He's now at opportunity.

Mil. Sir, you sent

To speak with me. *Bea*. Come nearer, I hear say
You are a Baud; tell me how go Virgins
I'th sinful market? nay, I must know, hell-cat,
What was the price you took for *Gratiana*:
Did *Marwood* come off roundly with his wages?
Tell me the truth, or by my fathers soul
I'le dig thy heart out. *Car*. Help.

{ *Miliscient brings*
in *Cardona*.

Bea.

The Wedding.

Beau. Let me not hear a syllable that has not reference
To my question — or —

Car. I'll tell you fir: *Marwood* — *Bea.* So.

Car. Did vitiously affect her:

Won with his gifts and flatteries, I promis'd
My assistance, but I knew her vertue was not
To be corrupted in a thought. *Beau.* Ha!

Car. Therefore — *Bea.* What d'ee study? —

Car. Hold — I would deliver

The rest in your ear, it is too shameful
To express it louder then a whisper.

Mil. With what unwillingness we discover things

We are a sham'd to own: *Cardona*, shudd

Ha us'd but half this fear in thy consent,

And thou hast ne're been guilty of a sin

Thou art so loath to part with, though it be

A burden to thy soul: how boldly would

Oar innocence plead for us? but she's done.

Bea. Then was *Gratiana's* honor sav'd. *Car.* Untouch'd.

Bea. Where am I lost: this story is more killing

Than all my jealousies: Oh *Cardona*!

Go safe from hence; but when thou com'st at home,

Lock thy self up and languish till thou die;

Thou shalt meet *Marwood* in a gloomy shade;

Give back this salery. *Mil.* Have I made good

My promise? do you find your error?

Exit. Car.

Bea. No, I ha found my horror — has the chaste

And innocent *Gratiana* drown'd her self?

What satisfaction can I pay thy ghost?

Mil. Now do me right fir. *Bea.* She's gone for ever;

And can the earth still dwell a quiet neighbour

To the rough Sea, and not it self be thaw'd

Into a river? let it melt to waves

From hence-forth, that beside th' inhabitants,

The very genius of the world may drown,

And not accuse me for her: Oh *Gratiana*!

Mil. Reserve your passion and remember what
I come for.

Bea. How shall I punish my unjust suspicion?

Death is too poor a thing to suffer for her:

Some

The Wedding.

Some spirit guide me where her body lies
Within her watery urne, although seal'd up
With frost; my tears are warme, and can dissolve it
To let in me and my repentance to her:
I would kifs her could face into life agen,
Renew her breath with mine, on her pale lip;
I do not think, but if some artery
Of mine were open'd, and the crimson flood
Convey'd into her veins, it would agree;
And with a gentle gliding steal it self
Into her heart, enliffe her dead faculties,
And with a flattery tice her soul agen
To dwell in her fair tenement. *Mil.* You lose
Your self in these wild fancies; recollect
And do me justice. *Bea.* I am lost indeed
With fruitless passion: I remember thee
And thy design agen; I must account
For *Marwood's* death, is't not? alas thou art
Too young, and canst not fight; I wish thou were
A man of tough and active sinewes, for
Thy own revenge sake, I would praise thee for
My death, so I might fall but nobly by the:
For I am burden'd with a weight of life----
Stay, didst not tell me thou hadst brought hither
The body of young *Marwood*? *Mil.* Yes.

Bea. Since a mistake, not malice, did procure
His ill fate, I will but drop one funeral
Tear upon his wound and soon finish
To do thee right. *Mil.* Ye shall.

{ A Coffin
brought in

Bea. Does this inclose his corps? how little room
Do we take up in death, that living, know
No bounds? here without murmuring we can
Be circumscrib'd; it is the soul that makes us
Affect such wanton and irregular paths;
When that's gone, we are quiet as the earth,
And think no more of wandring: Oh *Marwood*
Forgive my anger, thy confession did
Invite thy ruin from me, yet upon-----
My memory forsake me: 'tis *Grasiana's*
Spirit; hast thou left thy heavenly dwelling

Opens.

The Wedding.

To call me hence? I was now coming to thee :
Or but command more hast, and I will count it
No sin to strike my self, and in the stream
Of my own blood to imitate how thou
Didst drown thy self. *Gra.* I am living, *Beauford*.

Bea. I know thou art immortal. *Gra.* Living as thou art.

Bea. Good Angels do not mock mortality.

Gra. A' came. —

Bea. To call me to my answer how I durst
Suspect thy chastity ; I'll accuse my self,
And to thy injur'd innocence give me up
A willing sacrifice. *Gra.* Oh my *Beauford*! now
I am over-blest for my late sufferings;
I have solicited my death with prayers;
Now I would live to see my *Beauford* love me:
It was thy friend induc'd me to that letter
To find if thy suspicion had destroy'd
All seeds of love. *Bea.* Art thou not dead indeed?
May I believe? her hands is warme, --- she breaths
Agen — and kisses as she wont to do
Her *Beauford*; art *Gratiana*? Heaven
Let me dwell here, until my soul exhale.

Mil. One sorrow's cur'd; *Millicent* be gone,
Thou hast been too long absent from thy own.

Exit.

Bea. Oh my joy ravish'd soul! but wher's the youth
Brought me this blessing? vanish'd, *Gratiana*?
Where is he? I would hang about his neck to
Kiss his cheek; — he wo'not leave me so:
Gone? sure it was some Angel, was he not,
Or do I dreame this happiness? wilt not thou
For sake me too? *Gra.* Oh never.

Bea. Within there
Bid the young man return, and quickly, lest
My joy above the strength of natures sufferance,
Kill me before I can express my gratitude:
Haze brought him?

Enter Officers.

Offic. Mr. *Beauford*, I am sorry we are
Commanded to apprehend your person.

Gra. Officers ha? *Offic.* You are suspected to have slain a
Gentleman

The Wedding.

Gentleman, one *Marwood*.

Bean. Have I still my assence, ha?
I had a joy was able to make man
Forget he could be miserable. *Offic*. Come sir.

Bean. If e're extremities did kill, we both
Shall die this very minute. *Gra*. You sha' not go:

Offic. Our authority will force him.

Gra. Y're villains, murderers:

Oh my *Beanford*! *Bean*. Leave me, *Gratiana*.

Gra. Never, I'le die with thee.

Bean. What can we say unto our misery?
Sav'd in a tempest that did threaten most,
Arriv'd the harbour, ship, and all are lost.

Offic. To the next Justice.

Exeunt.

Actus Quinti. Scena Prima.

Enter Sir John Belfare.

Bel. **V**W Hether art fled *Gratiana*? that I can
Converse with none to tell me thou art still
A mortal? taken hence by miracle?
Though Angels should intice her hence to heaven,
She was so full of piety to her father,
She would first take her leave.

Enter Isaac and a Physician.

Isa. There he is sir, he cannot chuse but talk idly,
For he has not slept since the last great mist. *Phy*. Mist?

Isa. I sir, his daughter, my young mistress went away in't,
and we can hear no tale nor tydings of her, to tell you true, I
would not disgrace my old Mr. but he is little better than mad.

Phy. Unhappy Gentleman.

Bel. 'Tis so he murder'd her;

For he that first would rob her of her honour,
Would not fear afterward to kill *Gratiana*,
He shall be arraign'd for't — but where shall we
Get honest men enow to make a Jury?
That dare be conscionable when the Judge
Looks on, and frownes upon the Verdict, men
That will not be corrupted to favour;

A great

The Wedding.

A great mans evidence, but preferre justice
To ready mony? Oh this age is barren, —

Isa. You hear how he talks.

Bel. But I ha found the way, 'tis but procuring
Acquaintance with the fore-man of the Jury,
The Sessions Bell weather, he leads the rest
Like sheep; when he makes a gap, they follow
In huddle to his sentence. *Isa.* Speak to him fir.

Phy. God save you, Sir *John Belfare.*

Bel. I am a little serious — do not trouble me.

Phy. D'ee not know me?

Bel. I neither know, nor care for you, unless
You can be silent. *Phy.* I'me your neighbo

Isa. Master Doctor. — *Bel.* Away fool.

Isa. No fir, a Physitian.

Bel. A Physitian? can you cure my daughter?

Phy. I fir, where is she?

Bel. Cannot you find her out by art? a good
Physitian shud be acquainted with the Starres:
Prethe erect a figure, grave *Astronomer*,
Sha't ha the minute she departed; turn
Thy Ephemerides a little, I'll lend
Thee *Ptolomey*, and a nest of learned *Rabbies*
To judge by: tell me whether she be alive
Or dead, and thou shalt be my Doctor; I'll
Give thee a round *per annum* pension,
And thou shalt kill me for it.

Phy. He has a strange *Delirium*. *Isa.* I fir.

Phy. A *Vertigo* in's head. *Isa.* In his head.

Bel. What sayes the Raven?

Isa. He sayes you have two hard words in your head fir.

Phy. Have you forgot me, fir, I was but late
Familiar to your knowledge.

Bel. Ha? your pardon, gentle fir, I know you now;
Impute it to my griefe; t'hath almost made me
Forget my self. *Phy.* I come to visit you,
And cannot but be sorry to behold
You thus afflicted. *Bel.* Doctor I am sick,
I'me very sick at heart; loss of my daughter,
I fear, will make me mad; how long d'ee think

The Wedding.

Mans nature's able to resist it? can
Your love or art prescribe your friend a Cordial?
No, no, you cannot. *Phy.* Sir, be comforted,
We have our manly vertue given us
To exercise in such extremes as these.

Bel. As these? why do you know what 'tis to
Lose a daughter? you converse with men that
Are diseas'd in body; punish'd with a gout
Or feaver: yet some of these are held
The shames of physick; but to th' mind you can
Apply no salutary medicine:
My daughter sir, my daughter —

Phy. Was too blame
To leave you so; lose not your wisdom for
Your daughters want of piety. *Bel.* Speak well
A'th dead, for living she would not be absent
Thus from me; she was ever dutifull,
Took pleasure in obedience: oh my child!
But I have strong suspition by whom
She's made away. — *Beauford* — *Phy.* How?

Bel. He that pretended marriage — he gave her
A wound before. *Phy.* Master *Beauford*'s newly
Apprehended for some fact, and carried
'Fore Justice *Landby*; in my passage hither
I met him guarded. *Bel.* Guarded for what?

Phy. Somedid whisper he had kild — *Bel. Gratiana.*
Oh my girl; my *Gratiana*! — *Isaac, Beauford* is taken, 'tis ap-
parant he hath slaine my daughter, and shannot I revenge her
Death? I'll prosecute the Law with violence against him, nor leave
the Judge, till he pronounce his sentence, then I'll dye and carry
Gratiana the newes before him. Follow me. *Exeunt.*

Enter Justice Landby and Iane.

Iust. I expect *Iane* thou wo't reward my care
With thy obedience, he's young and wealthy,
No matter for those idle ceremonies
Of wit and court-ship. *Iane* Do I hear my father!

Iust. He will maintain thee gallant, City wives
Are fortunes darlings, govern all their husbands,
Variety of pleasure, and apparell,
When some of higher titles are off fain

The Wedding.

To pawn a Lady-ship : thou sha't ha *Rawbone*.

Ian. Vertue forbid it ; you are my father, sir,
And lower then the earth I have a heart
Prostrates it self ; I had my being from you,
But I beseech you take it not away
Agen, by your severity.

Iust. How's this ? I like it well.

aside.

Ian. You have read my lectures to me, which
My duty hath receiv'd, and practis'd, as
Precepts from heaven ; but n^o d I hear
You preach so ill : you heretofore directed
My study to be carefull of my fame,
Cherish desert, plant my affection on
Nobleness, which can only be sufficient
To make it fruitful, and d'ee counsell now
To marry a defease ?

Iust. Good ! my own girle —
What is't you said ? ha ?

Ian. For the man himself
Is such a poor and miserable thing —

Iust. But such another word, and I take off
My blessing : how now *Iane* ? *Ian.* Alas, I fear
He is in earnest ; marry me to my grave,
To that you shall have my consent, oh do not
Enforce me to be guilty of a false
Vow, both to heaven and Angels ; on my knees —

Iust. Humble your heart, rise and correct your sullenness.
I am resolv'd ; would you be sacrific'd
To an unthrif, that will dice away his skin,
Rather then want to stake at Ordinaries ?
Consume what I have gather'd, at a break-fast
Or mornings draught ? And when you ha teem'd for him,
Turn Sempstress to find milk and clouts and babies :
Foot stockings to maintain him in the Compter ?
Or if this fail, erect a baudy Citadell,
Well man'd, which fortified with demy-Canon
Tobacco-pipes, may raise you to a fortune,
Together with the trade. —

Ian. Oh my cruell starres !

Iust. Star me no stars, I'le have my will —

Ian.

The Wedding.

Ian. One minute hath ruin'd all my hope, *Misfcent*
Was cruell thus to mocke me.

Enter Captain, Haver, Lodam, Rawbone, and Camellion.

Cap. Unckle —

Cap. & Inst. whisper.

Raw. *Jasper*, what case am I in?

Hav. Be wise and keep your counsel, is not all for your honor?

Lod. Lady I hope by this time you are able to distinguish a difference between *Rawbone* and my self.

Cam. I find little.

Cap. You shall do noble sir.

Inst. Mr. *Rawbone*, the onely man in my wishes:
My nephew gives you valiant, your merit
O're-joyes me, and to shew how much I value
Your worth, my daughter's yours, I'll see you
Married this morning, e're we part; receive him
Into your bosome, *Iane*, or lose me ever.

Ian. I obey sir: will my father cozen himself?

Hav. Ha, do I dream?

Raw. Dream quotha, this is a pritty dream.

Inst. Master *Lodam*, I hope you'll not repine at his fortune.

Raw. But *Rawbone* will pine, and repine if this be not a dream.

Lod. I allow it, and will dine with you. *Cam.* And I.

Raw. *Jasper*: no, will no body know me?

Inst. Let's lose no time, I have no quiet till
I call him son. *Raw.* Master *Justice* do me right;

You do not know who I am — I am —

Inst. An Ass, sir, are you not? what make you prattling?

Raw. Sir, —

Noble Captain, a word, I am — *Cap.* A Coxcombe.
Your man is saucy, sir.

Raw. Then I am asleep. *Cap.* I forget *Gratiana*.

Inst. Cosen, you shall supply my place at Church, while I prepare for your return, some guests we must have — nay, nay, hast, the morn grows old, wee'll ha't a Wedding day.

Hav. Here's a blessing beyond hope.

Raw. Sure I am asleep; I will see 'ne walk with 'em till my dream be out.

Enter Beauford, Officers, Maywood disguised,

Keeper, Gratiana.

Inst. Mr. *Beauford* welcome, and *Gratiana*.

H

Beau.

The Wedding.

Bean. You will, repent your curtesie, I am Presented an offender to you.

Offic. Yes and please your worship, he is accus'd. *Just.* How?

Gra. Sir, you have charity, beleve 'em not ; They do conspire to take away his life.

Keep. May it please you understand, he has kild A Gentleman, one *Marwood*, in our Park ; I found him wounded mortally, though before He dyed, he did confesse. *Bean.* Urge it no frtther, I'll save the trouble of examination, And yeeld my self up guilty. *Gra.* For heavens sake Beleve him not, he is an enemy To his own life ; dear *Beanford*, what d'ee mean To cast your self away : y'are more unmercifull Then those that do accuse you, then the Law It self ; for at the worst that can but find You guilty at the last, too soon for me To be divided from you.

Bean. Oh *Gratiana* ! I call heaven to witness, Though my mis-fortune made me think before, My life a tedious and painfull trouble, My very soul a luggage, and too heavy For me to carry. now I wish to live, To live for thy sake, till my hair were silver'd With age ; to live till thou wo'dst ha me dye, And wert a weary of me ; For I never Could by the service of one life, reward Enough thy love, nor by the suffering The punishment of age and time, do penance Sufficient for my injury ; but my fate Hurries me from thee ; then accept my death A satisfaction for that sin I could not Redeem alive ; I cannot but confesse The accusation.

Enter Sir John Belfare and Isaac.

Bel. Justice, justice, I will have justice :
Ha, Gratiana ! Gra. Oh my dear father —

Bel. Art alive ? oh my joy ! it grows Too mighty for me, I must weep a little To save my heart. —

The Wedding.

Isa. My young mistress alive?

Exit.

Gra. If ever you lov'd *Gratiana*, plead, for *Beauford*
H'as been abus'd by a villain all's discover'd,
W'ave renew'd hearts, and now I fear I shall
Lose him agen, accus'd here for the death
Of *Marwood*, that was cause of all our suffering.

Bel. I ha not wept enough for joy. *Gratiana*,
That th'art alive yet — I understand nothing
Beside this comfort. *Gra.* Dear sir, recollect,
And second me. *Inst.* The fact confess, all hope
Will be a pardon, sir, may be procur'd:
Sir John — y'are come in a sad time:

Gra. What is the worst you charge him with?

Keep. He has slain a Gentleman.

Inst. No common trespassse.

Gra. He has done justice. *Inst.* How?

Gra. A publike benefit to his Country in'r.

Inst. Killing a man? her sorrow over-throws

Her reason. *Gra.* Hear me, *Marwood* was a villain,

A rebell unto vertue, a prophaner

Of friendships sacred laws, a murderer

Of virgin chastity, against whose malice

Not innocence could hope protection;

But like a Bird grip'd by an Eagles talent, It groaning dyes.

What punishment can you inflict on him,

That in contempt of nature, and religion,

Inforces breach of love, of holy vows?

Sets them at warre, whose hearts were married

In a full congregation of Angels:

I know you will not say but such deserve

To dye; yet *Marwood* being dead, you reach

Your fury to his heart that did this benefit.

Beau. Oh *Gratiana*! if I may nor live

To enjoy thee here, I would thou hadst been dead

Indeed, for in a little time we shu'd

Ha met each other in another world:

But since I go before thee, I will carry

Thy praise along: and if my soul forget not

What it hath lov'd, when it convers't with men,

I will so talk of thee among the blest,

The Wedding.

That they shall be in love with thee, and descend
In holy shapes, to wooe thee to come thither
And be of their society; do not veile thy beauty
With such a showre, keep this soft rain
To water some more lost and barren garden.
Lest you destroy the spring, which nature made
To be a wonder in thy cheek.

Iust. Where is *Marwoods* body? *Mar.* Here sir.
Omnes. Alive! *Mil.* Ha *Marwood*?

Mar. Alive, as glad to see thee, as thou art
To know thy self acquitted for my death;
Which I of purpose by this honest friend,
To whose cure I owe my life, made you believe,
T' increase our joy at meeting: for you Lady;
You are a woman—yet you might ha been
Less violent in your pleading, do not
Engage me past respects of mine, or your own honor.

Gra. Mine is above thy malice; I have a breast
Impenetrable, gainst which, thou fondly aiming,
Thy arrows but recoyle into thy bosome,
And leave a wound.

Beau. Friend we have found thy errour.

Mar. Let it be mine, we have had stormes already.

Gra. Tell me, injurious man, for in this presence
You must acquit the honour you accus'd,
Discharge thy poyson here, inhumane Traytor.

Bea. Thou wo't ask her forgiveness, she's all chastity.

Mar. Why d'ee tempt me thus?

Bel. It was ill done sir.—

Iust. Accuse her to her face.

Mar. So, so, you see I am silent still.

Gra. You are too full of guilt to excuse your treachery.

Mar. Then farewell all respects, and hear me tell
This bold and insolent woman, that so late
Made triumph in my death.

Mil. Oh sir proceed not,
You do not declare your self of generous birth,
Thus openly to accuse a Gentlewoman, were it a truth.

Gra. He may throw soyle at heaven,
And as soon stain it.

Mar.

The Wedding.

Mar. Sirra boy, who made you so peremptory?
He would be whipt.

Mil. With what? I am not arm'd,
You see, but your big language would not fright
My youth, were it befriended with a sword;
You should find then I would dare to prove it
A false-hood on your person.

Juss. How now *Miliscant*?

Mar. Hath my love made me thus ridiculous,
Beauford, that will suffer such a boy
To affront me? then against all the world
I rise an enemy, and defie his valour,
Dares justifie *Gratiana* vertuous.

Enter Isaac and Cardona.

Isa. Believe your eyes. *Car.* My daughter alive?
Oh my dear heart! *Mar.* You are come opportunely,
Cardona speak the truth, as thou wouldst not
Eat my ponyard; is not *Gratiana* a sinful woman?

Car. What means *Marwood* ha? *Bel.* I am in a labyrinth.

Car. Hold I confess—

You never did enjoy *Gratiana*. *Mar.* Ha?

Car. Let not our shame be publick, sir, you shall
Have the whole truth; Oh that my tears were able
To wash my sin away—won with your promises,
I did, in hope to make my self a fortune,
And get a husband for my child, with much
Black oratory, woove my daughter to
Supply *Gratiana*'s bed, whom with that
Circumstance, you enjoy'd, that you believ'd
It was the Virgin you desir'd. *Bel.* Is't possible?

Mar. I am at a confusion; where's this daughter?

Car. She with the fear (as I conceive) of her
Dishonour, taking a few jewels with her,
Went from me, I know not whither, by this time
Dead, if not more unhappy in her fortune.

Mar. Into how many sins hath lust engaged me?
Is there a hope you can forgive, and you,
And she whom I have most dishonour'd:
I never had a conscience till now,
To be griev'd for her; I will hide my self

From

The Wedding.

From all the world. *Mil.* Stay sir—

Gra. You hear this, *Beauford*, father—

Beau. This she confess to me, though I conceal'd
From thee the error: *Marwood* dead, their shame
Would not ha given my life advantage; now
We have o're-come the malice of our fate,
I hope you'll call me son.

Bel. Both my lov'd children.

Just. I congratulate your joy. *Mar. Beauford*, Gentlemen,
This is a woman; *Lucibel*, your daughter,
Thee too much injur'd maid: Oh pardon me!
Welcome both to my knowledge, and my heart.

Car. Oh my Child. *Just.* My servant prove a woman.

Bel. You'll marry her.

Mar. I shall begin my recompence:

Lead you to Church, wee'll find the Priest more work.

Just. He has done some already, for by thistime
I have a daughter marry'd to young *Haver*,
That walk'd in *Rambones* livery,—they're return'd.

Enter Captain, Haver, Jane, Lodam, and Camelson.

Hav. Father your pardon, though you meant me not
Your son, yet I must call your daughter, wife:
Here I resign my Citizen. *Bel.* Young *Haver*.

Just. My blessing on you both,
I meant it so: a letter took off this
Disguise before: nay, here are more couples,
Enow to play at Barley-break.

Raw. Master *Lodam*, you and I are in hell.

Lod. How? *Hav.* You and I are friends.

Lod. I knew by instinct, I had no quarrel so thee,
Art thou *Rambone*?

Raw. I am not drunk—

Lod. No, but thou art disguis'd shrewdly,

Raw. I wonnot believe I am awake:

This is not possible. *Beau.* Leave off to wonder, Captain.

Cap. Sure this is a dream.

Raw. As sure as you are the Captain, 'las we do but walk and
talk in our sleep all this while.

Bel. Away, away. *Lod.* I to dinner bullies.

Raw. D'ec hear, Gentlemen, before you go does no body know
me

The Wedding.

me who am I? who am I?

Just. You are Master *Rawbone*, sir, that would have married my daughter, that is now wife, I take it, to this Gentleman, your seeming servant.

Raw. Dream on, dream on, *Jaſper*, make much a' th' wench now th'ast got her; am not I finely guld?

Hav. I think so.

Raw. Dream on together, a good jest y' saith, he thinks all this is true now.

Cap. Are not you then awake sir?

Raw. No marry am I not, sir.

Cap. What d'ee think a' that sir?

Raw. That sir? now do I dream that I am kick,

Cap. You do not feel it then.

Raw. Kick, kick your hearts out.

Led. Say you so, let my foot be in too then.

Raw. Sure I shall cry out in my sleep----what a long night 'tis.

Bel. Set on.

Cap. I, we may come back, and take him napping.

Beau. Come *Gratiana*,

My souls best halfe, let's tye the sacret knot

So long deferr'd, never did two lovers

Meet in so little time so many changes:

Our Wedding day is come, the sorrows past

Shall give our present joy more heavenly tast.

Exeunt.

Rawbone,



Rawbone. *Epilogue.*

Gentlemen: Pray be favourable to wake a foole Dormant amongst ye; I ha been kickt, and kickt to that purpose; may be, they knock'd at the wrong door, my brains are asleep in the Garret. I must appeal from their feet to your hands, there is no way but one, you must clap me, and clap me foundly; d'ee hear, I shall hardly come to my self-esse.

*Oh since my case without you desperate stands,
Wake me with the loud musick of your hands.*

Exit.

FINIS.
